The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Agent.

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THE BUGLE.

KOSSUTH.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, Saturday Evening, December 27th, 1851.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

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This, then, is my purpose,—to look at Kossuth as the slave would look at him. Let me preface what I have to say with a single remark about America. You will recollect the old story of the African chief seated naked under his palm tree, to receive the captain of an English frigate, and the first question he asked was, 'What do they say of me *in England?*' We laugh at this vanity of a naked savage, canopied by a palm tree, on an unknown river somewhere in the desert of a barbarous continent. But the same spirit pervades our twenty millions of Americans. The heart of every man is constantly asking the question—'What do they say of us in England?' Europe is the great tribunal for whose decision American sensitiveness always stands waiting in awe. We declared our independence, in '76, of the British crown, but we are vassals to-day of British opinion. So far as concerns American literature or American thought, the sceptre has never departed from Judah; it dwells yet with the elder branch on the other side of the water. The American still looks with too servile admiration to the institutions which his fathers reluctantly quitted, and which he still regards with overmuch fondness. Our literature is but a pale reflection of the English mind; and one reason why we have never become more thoroughly democratic is because, while our institutions have been so in form, the whole literature upon which we lived was impregnated with English ideas, and every student and every thinker breathed the atmosphere of London. London is yet *the great fount* of ideas for all *the Saxon race. Not* until the principles of *democracy shall enter* Temple Bar will the *Saxon race be fully* democratic, whether planted *on the steppes* of the Cordilleras, or on the shores of the Pacific. What is thus true of England, is true in a less degree of the rest of Europe.

Now, it is to such a nation as this that Kossuth comes—a nation sensitive to a fault, servile to the last degree; catching, with a watchful interest, the first breath of foreign criticism; hugging to its bosom with delight any eulogy that falls from the lips of noted men on the other side of the water. Is there any thing peculiar and to be remarked in the state of public affairs at the time of his visit? Yes, he comes precisely at the moment when one absorbing question has banished all others from the nation's mind. The great classes and interests of society crash and jostle against each other like mighty vessels in a storm. The slave question having, like Aaron's rod, devoured all other political issues, claims and keeps the undivided attention of excited millions. The lips of every public man are anxiously watched, and his lightest word scanned with relentless scrutiny. Pulpit and forum are both busy in the discussion of the profoundest questions as to the relations of the citizen to the law, and the real value and strength of our Institutions.—For the first time, some men have begun to doubt whether they are compatible with free speech and Christianity; while men, called statesmen, either emboldened by success, or hardened by *desperate* ambition, have been *found ready openly* to declare that the Union *is possible only* on condition that the sons of *the Pilgrims* consent to hunt slaves, and smother those instincts which have made the poets of all ages love to linger round the dungeon of the patriot and the stake of the martyr—with Tell and Wallace, with Lafayette and Silvio Pellico—with Charles Stuart hunted by the soldiery of Cromwell, and the Covenanter shot by that same Charles Stuart at his cottage door. Kossuth lands on a shore where humanity is illegal, and obedience to the Golden Rule of Christianity has just been declared treason. He was not ignorant of this state of things. Private individuals and public societies in England had placed in his hands ample evidence of the real character of American institutions, and the critical state of public opinion on the momentous question of enslaving every sixth man, woman and child in the land. Some besought him to pause ere he set foot on a land cursed with such monstrous system of oppression, and all bade him beware of the temptation to which his position subjected him, of strengthening by his silence or approbation the hands of the oppressor. At such a time, and in the midst of such a people, we have a right to claim that he should walk carefully. He knew that he must throw the weight of his mighty name in the scale of one party or another, that was waging war for principle on this side the Atlantic. Senator Foote spoke truly when he said, from his seat in the Senate Chamber, 'There is a great struggle going on through the world. It is between despotism and liberty. There is no neutrality in this struggle. No man can fail to be on one side or the other. He that is not with us is against us.' To which John P. Hale replied with such readiness, 'Exactly!' We have now that condition of affairs which George Canning prophesied when he said, 'The next war that passes over Europe is to be a war o ideas.' Now, wherever there is this war of ideas, every tongue takes a side. There is no neutrality. Even silence is not neutrality; but he who speaks a word of sympathy to his brother man is on the side of humanity and progress. (Loud cheers.)

Now, I have brought three facts before you. A man whose simple name is an argument, whose opinion is a fact potent throughout the world in sustaining institutions of government. I have placed him in the midst of a people with every eye fixed upon him, to note his course and learn his opinion. I have shown that he is not ignorant of this his critical position. What has he done? No man expected that he should come into this Hall; that he should go into anti-slavery meetings; that he should take ground against the Fugitive Slave Bill. No. But you remember, when Alexander went to see Diogenes, and asked what he could do for him, the reply of the cynic was, 'Stand out of my light!' Now, the slave had at least the right to say to Kossuth 'Stand out of my light!' Let the glowing sun of the humanity of the nineteenth century strike full upon me. Let the light and heat of those generous ideas, with which God has inspired some of the white race, fall upon me, to melt these chains of mine; and let not your lavish praise be the spell that shall lull to sleep the half awakened conscience of a people who have just begun to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten. Throw not the weight of your great name into the scale of those, my enemies, who glory in a national prosperity fed out of my veins, and worship a Union cemented with my blood.'

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We have just closed a war for the perpetuity of slavery—every man, North and South, acknowledges it:—a war which even the Senate of the United States pronounced wicked and unnecessary; which the noblest intellects of the land have reprobated; which all parties have justified on the ground of its necessity to preserve the Union by aiding slavery, and not on the ground of justice, of humanity, or of liberty. What does he say of it? 'Take, for instance, the glorious struggle.' [We sent out a party from a slave State across to Mexican territories; we, Protestants, set up slavery on the soil which Catholics had purged from the stain.] 'Take, for instance, the glorious struggle you had not long ago with Mexico, in which General Scott drove the President of that Republic from his capitol.' Mark you that language. I shall have occasion to refer to it again.

'I know how to read your people's heart. It is so easy to read it, because it is open like nature, and unpolluted, (!) like a virgin's heart (!!) May others shut their ears to the cry of oppressed humanity, because they regard duties but through the glass of petty interests. Your people has that instinct of justice and generosity (!) which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin; and it is conscious of your country's power; it is jealous of its own dignity; it knows that it has the power to restore the law of nations to the principles of justice and right; and knowing itself to have the power, it is willing to be as good as it is powerful.'

These are the twenty millions of people whom George Thompson, with soul striking truth, has described as engaged in one great slave hunt, with their President at their head, pursuing a poor trembling fugitive, flying for refuge to the flag of Great Britain, on the other side of the lakes. 'Your people have that instinct of justice and generosity which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin'!!!

'May your kind anticipations of me be not disappointed! I am a plain man. I have nothing in me but honest fidelity to those principles which have made you great, and my most ardent wish is, that my own country may be, if not great as yours, *at least as free and as happy*, which it will be in the establishment of the same great principles.—The sounds that I now hear seem to me the trumpet of resurrection for down-trodden humanity throughout the world.'

What! free as the land where the Bible is refused to every sixth person! Free as the land where it is a crime to learn every sixth person to read! Free as the land where, by statute, every sixth woman may be whipped at the public whipping-post! Free as the land where the murderer of the black man, if the deed is perpetrated only in the presence of blacks, is secure from legal punishment! Free as the land, the banks of whose Mississippi were lit up with the horrid sight, not seen in Europe for two centuries, of a man torn from the hands of justice, and burned in his own blood, by a mob, of whom the highest legal authority proclaimed, afterward, that their act was the act of the people, and above the notice of the Judiciary! Free as the land, the beautiful surface of whose Ohio was polluted by the fragments of three presses—the emblems of free speech—and no tribunal has taken notice of the deeds! Free as the land, whose praire has drank in the first Saxon blood shed for the right of free speech for a century and a half—I mean the blood of Lovejoy! Free as the land where the fugitive dares not proclaim his name in the cities of New England, and skulks in hiding-places until he can conceal himself on board a vessel, and make his way to the kind shelter of Liverpool and London! Free as the land where a hero worthy to stand by the side of Louis Kossuth—I mean Ellen Crafts—(great cheering)—has pistols lying by her bed-side for weeks, as protection against your marshals and your sheriffs, your chief justices and divines, and finds no safe refuge until she finds it in the tender mercies of the wife of that poet who did his service to the cause of freedom at Missolonghi!

But what does Kossuth wish for Hungary? 'My most ardent wish is, that my own country may be, if not as great as yours, at least as free and as happy, which it will be in the establishment of the same great principles.' 'As free and as happy'! Is that all that this loving son of Hungary can ask for his native land? Would he thrust back to serfdom one sixth part of her twelve millions? Would he not blush to stand so near even to Austria, who compels her peasantry to learn to read and make the teaching of every sixth Hungarian a penal offence? Would he legislate into existence a nation of Haynaus, and authorize them to whip Magyar women?—Would he fill Hungarian prisons with Draytons and Sayres, the Torreys and Fairbanks? Hungarian graves with Crandalls & Lovejoys? Would he hang his courts in chains, that his brother nobles might drag back their serfs in peace? Before he repeats such a wish, let him go and meditate one hour more in that dungeon whence one of his comrades went to his grave, and the other came out blind—let him send his thoughts back again to that refuge which the Sultan gave him when he refused, at the hazard of his Crescent, to surrender to his neighbor State the Hungarian Craft, Sims, Long, etc., who had escaped and claimed his protection. He would, if he be the man the world believes him, learn there that he never could consent to make Hungary what these United States are, and that he begs aid for his loved country too dear, if he begs it by words not truthful from the lips of Louis Kossuth.

'Happy art thou, free nation of America, that thou hast founded thy house upon the only solid basis of a nations liberty! Thou hast no tyrants among thee to throw the apple of Eros into thy Union. Thou hast no tyrants to raise the fury of hatred in thy national family'! This he says, when he knows that the newspapers of one half the Union are full of the records of the atrocities perpetrated by the white men upon the blacks, guilty of nothing but a skin not colored like their own. I defy Kossuth to find in any German paper, at the very fount of Austrian despotism, such advertisements as daily fill our Southern presses. I defy him to match the crimes and wickedness of the press that leagues with despotism in this land. Mothers sold with their infants, six week old, *together or apart*. I defy him to match the advertisements coming from our Southern States, calling for a man or his head:—Fifty dollars reward for a man, dead or alive!

A land with three million of slaves, and not a tyrant! Free speech achieved on the floor of Congress only after a dozen years of struggle, and still a penal offence in one half the Union—our jails filled with men guilty only of helping a brother man to his liberty—yet the keen eyes of this great soul can see nothing but a 'solid basis of liberty'! Southern Conventions to dissolve the Union—the law executed in Boston at the point of the bayonet—riot, as the Government calls it, stalking through the streets of Detroit, Buffalo, Syracuse, Boston, Christiana and New York—Massachusetts denied by statute the right to bring an action in South Carolina—Georgia setting a price on the head of a Boston printer—Senators threatning to hang a brother Senator, should he set foot in a Southern State—the very tenants of the pulpit silenced, or subjected to a coat of tar and feathers—one State proposing to exclude the commerce of another—demagogue statesmen preambulating the country to save the Union—honest men exhorted to stifle their consciences, for fear the ship of state should sink amid the breakers—the whole nation at last waking to Jefferson's conviction, that 'we have the wolf by the ears; we can neither held him nor safely let him go,! Yet this man, whose 'tempest-tossed life has somewhat sharpened the eyes of his soul,' can see only a 'solid basis of liberty'! 'No tyrant to throw the apple of Eros in the Union;' 'to raise the fury of hatred in thy national family'! What place has such fulsome and baseless eulogy on the lips of a truthful and honest man?

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Kossuth is filled with overflowing love for Hungary, which lies under the foot of the Czar. Now, let us suppose a parallel case. Suppose that Lafayette were now living, and that the great Frenchman had seen his idea of liberty for France go down in blood. We will suppose that, despairing of doing any thing at home, he had concluded to appeal to some foreign nation for aid; that Lafayette, with his European reputation, considered the great apostle of human liberty, and his voice the seal and stamp of republican principles, Lafayette goes to Vienna for help. He goes to Austria for help for his side in French politics, as Kossuth comes here for help on his side of Hungarian politics: to Austria, with Hungary bleeding at her feet, and Kossuth in exile.

After all, it is national politics in which he asks us to interfere, at whatever hazard.—What is Hungary? Twelve millions of people under the iron foot of the Russian Czar, by means of his puppet, the Emperor of Austria. What says he to America? 'I do not wish to be entangled with American politics.' As one of our own citizens said to me the other day—'What comes this fellow here for? I do not wish to meddle with Austrian politics.' The question of the liberty of twelve millions in Hungary is as much a question of Austrian politics as the question of the three millions of slaves under the United States Constitution, and the human beings sent back as chattels under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1851, is a question of American politics.

Do not think either that I am so far out of the way in sending Lafayette to Austria. Let me turn aside before I finish the illustration. What is Austria? Who is Haynau? The culminating star of Austrian atrocity—the General whose name recalls every thing that is most monstrous in Austria's treatment of down-trodden Hungary. Haynau! What was it that the European press charged upon him as his greatest atrocity? Why, he whipped one woman, a countess; he whipped one woman at the public whipping-post. The press of Europe, from the banks of the Volga to the banks of the Seine, from the 'Times' *up* to 'Punch,' denounced him as a libel on the civilization of the nineteenth century, as a brute who had disgraced even the brutality of the camp, when he dared, in the face of Europe, in the nineteenth century, thus to outrage the common feeling of the world. That is Haynau; but he followed the example of half the States of this Union. There, woman-whipping is the law and custom of the land. There are a hundred thousand men and women in this nation, who have a right by law to whip a million and a half of women in fifteen of the Southern States. 'One murder makes a villain; millions a hero.' To whip one woman makes a monster; but to whip millions by statute is to make a country in regard to which it is the highest wish of Kossuth that Hungary may be like her!

In view of this and similar facts, I say, there is not a word of the language which he applies to Austria that is not equally applicable to the land which imprisons Drayton and Sayres in the jails of its capital, that pursues Shadrach without mercy—a land where women are whipped by statute—and there is not a word of all this eloquent culogy of ourselves which is not applicable to Austria.

I send Lafayette, therefore, to Austria.—Kossuth, sheltered by the Crescent, hears of the coming of Lafayette to Vienna. How his heart beats! Now, from that voice, venerable with its age, strong in the millions that wait its tones, I shall hear the voice of a deliverer. Now the heart of every down-trodden Hungarian is to leap for joy; now a sunbeam shall light up the dungeons of my old comrades, for Fayette has entered Vienna. Listen! The first note that is borne to him down the waters of the Danube is that of Fayette speaking to Haynau of his 'glorious entry into the capital of Hungary,' as Kossuth speaks of the entrance of the Americans into the capital of Mexico. He listens, and every word of the eloquent Frenchman is praise of the Austrian emperor and Austrian institutions; and he says—words Kossuth has used to the Americans—'cling to your Constitution and your institutions.—Cling to them! Let no misguided citizen ever dream of tearing down the house because there is discomfort in one of the chambers.' And suppose he hears him say—'Let no misguided Magyar, ever dream of tearing asunder this beautiful empire of Austria, because there is discomfort in that one chamber of Hungary.' What would have been his tone in answering Fayette! He would have said—'Recreant! What right have you to purchase safety for France, by sacrificing the people of Hungary, and by eulogizing tyrants?' (Tremendous cheering.)

Just such is the message that the American slaves send back to Kossuth:—'Recreant! If you could not speak a free word for liberty the wide world over, why came you to this land stained and polluted by our blood? What right had you to purchase with your silence aid for Hungary, or throw the weight of your great name into the scale of our despair?' 'O, no!' said O'Connell, 'I will never tread that American strand, until she removes the curse of American slavery from her statute book.' It was well he did not. Hardly any man can stand against the temptations of our great political iniquity.

Kossuth has come here on the glorious mission of redeeming Hungary. God speed him in every step—honest step—that he takes to lift up the Magyar, that he may raise the nations of Europe! But, O! if he only lift her up by using for his fulcrum the chains of the slave; if he only lift her up by using language which shall strengthen the hearts of the oppressor in this land, which shall make those who love this Union lay the flattering unction to their souls—(Kossuth is an experienced man, he understands our institutions, and sees nothing to blame in them)—then perish Hungary before he succeed!

The very congress that invited this man to our shores, and passed a resolution placing a national vessl at his service, is the very congress that passed the Fugitive Slave Bill. He knows it. The very men who sent for the Hungarian exile condemned to hopeless bondage hundreds, who, but for that law might have been saved. Why, if you had stood, as some of us have done, by the domestic firesides of hundreds of fugitive slaves, who had been happy at the North for ten, fifteen, aye, twenty years, and had seen the utter wretchedness of those persecuted ones, when they felt that father, or mother, or wife, or child, must be borne away to the Southern plantation, or must make themselves exiles by going to Canada or even to England, and reflected that these scenes are wrought by the very men who have welcomed the great Hungarian to this country, and then, when he came, that he had no words but words of eulogy, how should you judge his spirit?

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Bear with me in one illustration more. Men are known by the company they keep. It seems to me right to judge Kossuth so in this instance. Suppose a friend of liberty had gone across the water six months ago. Would he have sought the society of the illustrious free spirits that were the apostles of the great ideas of that country, or would he have gone to the court of the Cæsars?—Would he have gone to the palace of Vienna, or to Metternich? Would he have gone to the country seat of Haynau, or to any other name recognised the world wide over as an apostate to principle, to humanity, to equal rights? Or would he have gone to that Kossuth, that Dembinski,—to the men who are now exiles, or imprisoned throughout the length of the Austrian Empire, to the graves of those who have been murdered on battle-field or in Haynau's camp? Would not their prisons have been the first scenes of his visit, that he might give his sympathy to the men who were suffering in a cause so dear to his heart? Certainly. We go where we are magnetically drawn; we cannot resist rushing into the arms of those whose hearts beat responsive to our own. If a Socialist visi s Paris, he goes to Proudhomme. If an anti-slavery man goes to Paris, he goes to de Broglie. As Dr. Jackson said of his lamented son, who died recently in Boston, in whatever company he went, he nailed his flag high, that all men might know his principles. (Cheers.) Now, I say, that Louis Kossuth did not nail the flag of his principles high to the mast; if he had, Hangman Foote would never have invited him to Washington. The world-wide love of man, the burning enthusiasm, the hatred of all oppression, that gathered two hundred thousand living hearts in Hungary, melted them into one giant mass by the magnetism of his great nature, and hurled them like an awful thunderbolt against the throne of the Cæsars—all that has not crossed the Atlantic; if it had, the pro-slavery divines of New York,—the men who say they dare not utter even a prayer for the three millions of blacks—would never have gathered around it. He will go to Washington, and to whom? To Daniel Webster and Hangman Foote. Had he been the Kossuth of Pesth, the Kossuth whom Georgey betrayed, he would have gone to the prison of Drayton and Sayres, to see the men who have been made a sacrifice for the crime of loving their brother man as they loved themselves. He would have said:—'No matter what your laws are. I broke the laws of Austria for the Magyar.' The European who has rent parchments to rags when they stood in the way of liberty, who has trampled on laws a thousand years old when they stood in the way of humanity and justice; that man, who comes to America, and goes not to the prison of Drayton and Sayres, to the Court house where the men are being tried for the Christiana riots, as our press calls them, has lowered the tone of his spirit, and compromised that great fame which came over before him.

That is the indictment that the Abolitionists bring against him. It is not that he does not love Hungary. It is not that he is a coward, and that his philanthropy shrinks before the public opinion of America. No! We do not know that he was ever afraid of any thing below God. Though no coward, he is selfish. Just as selfish as all patriotism is. He loves his own land, and to that land he is willing to sacrifice the duty he owes to truth. 'An advocate,' said Lord Brougham, defending Queen Caroline, 'by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, THAT CLIENT AND NONE OTHER. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client *at all hazards and costs to all others*, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and *he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other.*'

Now, that, in another form, is Kossuth's patriotism. 'I love Hungary,' says he, 'stand aside, all ye other races; I will so mould my language, I will so pour out my eulogy, I will so lavish my praise, that I will save her; let other races take care of themselves.' This, then, is the criticism of the anti-slavery reformer. Whoever strengthens the American Union, strengthens the chain of the American slave. Whoever praises the policy of this country since the Constitution began, whether in Florida or Mexico, strengthens the public opinion, it is a foe to the slave. Louis Kossuth has thrown at the feet of the Union party the weight of his gigantic name, and every conscience that had begun to be troubled is put to sleep: 'Kossuth is free from American prejudies, unbiased and disinterested. He tells me to love the Union. So I will observe the laws: so I will banish the slave from my thoughts, as Kossuth does.—Kossuth saves Hungary by subserviency to the South: I will save the Union in the same way.' This is the same old principle, the world round. How much truth may I sacrifice, in order to save some little *Zoar* in which God has given me a being? How much silencing of the truth is permitted us here by God, in order that we may help him govern the world? How many noble instincts may we stifle, how many despot hearts may we comfort, to help God save America? None! (Great cheering.) No, he did not send us into the world to free the slave. He did not send Kossuth into the world to save Hungary. He sent him into the world to speak his whole truth, for the white and the black men; to feel as a man for his brother man, and to *speak what he felt*; then, if Hungary is saved, to join in the jubilee with which all would celebrate her salvation.—(Loud cheers.) O, men are so ready to take upon themselves the great responsibility of doing some great work in the world. I have got to save the Union, and therefore I must return fugitive slaves. I have got to redeem Hungary, and therefore I may be an American doughface, instead of an European patriot.

This is the verdict that history shall bring. When, hereafter, the historian is telling the story of some great man, who has done service to his kind, if he be one who loved only his own race, or color or country, and stopped there—who loved a Frenchman because he was himself born in Paris—or, born in London, was ready to serve all Englishmen—if he were one who has rendered some great service to a single nation, or loved his own race and hated all others, he shall say, 'This was a great man—he was the Kossuth, the Webster of his day.' But when he shall dip his pen in the sunlight, to immortalize some greater spirit than that,—one whose philanthropy, like the ocean, knew no bounds; the eagle of whose spirit, towering in its pride of place, looked down upon the earth, and saw blotted out from the mighty scene, all the little lines with which man had narrowed it out, and took in every human being as a brother, and loved all races with an equal humanity; who never silenced the truth, that the white man might longer trample on the black, or thought the safety of his own land cheaply bought at the price of lavish eulogies laid on the footstool of petty tyrants—he shall dip his pen in the gorgerous hues of the sunlight, and write, 'This was a greater man yet: he was a Garrison, an O'Connell, a Fayette.' (Loud and continued cheers.)

Now, this is the exact difference which the anti-slavery world recognizes in Kossuth. He is the man who has been content to borrow his tone from the atmosphere in which he moved. He has offered American patriotism the incense of his eulogy, and has, by that course, consented to do service to the dark spirit of American slavery. We find no fault with any expression of his gratitude. But gratitude to the administration of the country was not necessarily eulogy of all its institutions. A man may thank a benefactor, without endorsing his character! He came to a land where every sixth man is a slave, and where the national banner clings to the flag staff heavy with blood, and the lips which proclaimed the freedom of the Hungarian serf have found no occasion but for eulogy! He came to a land where the Bible is prohibited by statute to three millions of human beings, to whom, also, the marriage institution is a forbidden blessing, and the eminently religious Hungarian can find no occasion but for eulogy! He came to a land where almost every village in the free States has more than one trembling fugitive who dare not tell his true name, and the great martyr for personal liberty can find no occasion but for eulogy! He came to a land, of the fundamental arrangement of whose government, John Quincy Adams says, 'it is not in the compass of human imagination to devise a more perfect exemplification of the art of committing the lamb to the custody of the wolf,' and to 'call whose government a democracy would be to insult the understanding of mankind'; and the apostle of civil liberty sees only a 'glorious republic'—'great, glorious and free'—'the pillar of freedom'; and all he prays for his own country is, that 'she may be as free and as happy in the establishment of the same great principles'!!

He comes to a land where, according to the same indisputable authority, 'A KNOT OF SLAVEHOLDERS GIVE THE LAW AND PRESCRIBE THE POLICY OF THE COUNTRY,' and the indignant foe of Austrian rule, 'his eyes sharpened by a tempest tossed life,' finds no occasion but for eulogy! He comes to a land where, says the same venerable statesman, 'the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of Slavery is the vital and animating spirit of the National Government,' and where, since 1780, slavery, slave-holding, slave-breeding and slave-trading have formed the whole foundation of the policy of the Federal Government; and 'the sharpened [illegible] patriot, whose baptism of liberty was the [illegible] an Austrian dugeon, sees only 'a glorious country'—'great, glorious and free;' 'a glorious republic;' her 'glorious flag the proud ensign of man's divine origin;' the 'asylum of oppressed humanity;' her welcome 'the trumpet of resurrection for down-trodden humanity throughout the world; her language 'the language of liberty, and therefore the language of the people of the United States;' his confidence of ultimate success springs from the thought, that 'there is a God in heaven, and a people like the Americans on earth.' He makes haste to declare how easy it is to read the heart of this slave-holding, slave-breeding and slave-trading people, because 'it is open like nature, and unpolluted like a virgin's heart;' that others may 'shut their ears to the cry of oppressed humanity, because they regard duties but through the glass of *petty interests*'! but this slave-holding and slave-trading people 'has that instinct of justice and generosity which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin: knows that it has the power to restore the law of nations to the principles of justice and right, and is willing to be as good as its power is great'!! Does the great statesman like heart of Kossuth believe all this? If he does not, is the most devoted lover of liberty ever bound to lay on her altar the sacrifice of hypocrisy? or was any cause ever yet strengthened by lips that belied the heart?

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What, then, is the shadowy line by which, while he claims our sympathy and aid for Hungary, he separates the slave's claim from his own? Simply this. Hungary asks for rights which ancient charters secured to her; the slave has no charters, no parchments, to show:—therefore, we ought to love and aid the Magyar; therefore, Douglass can claim nothing of Kossuth! And can the soul of Kossuth rise no higher than the level of human parchments? or can he plead for liberty with such bated breath and whispered humbleness, that to serve his purpose he can remember always to forget the self-evident rights which God gave—to which the slave has as much right as the noblest Magyar of them all? More than this, can he find it in his heart to strengthen by his silence, by his example and his name, the hands of the ruthless violator of those rights—cry 'glorious' and amen, while the black is robbed of his hard toil, of the Bible, of chastity, wife, husband, and child, only to persuade slaveholders to aid in securing for the Magyar peasant the right to vote, and the Magyar noble the right to legislate? The world thought his lips had been touched by a coal from the altar of the living God—and lo! he has bargained away his very utterance, and presents himself before us thus cheaply bought and gagged!

Truly, these eyes that see no race but the Magyar, and no wrongs but those of Hungary, may be the eyes of a great Hungarian and a great patriot, but God forbid they should be the eyes of a man or a Christian!

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Every heart responds to the classic patriot, and feels that it *is* indeed good and honorable to *die* for one's country but every true man feels likewise, with old Fletcher of Saltoun, that while he 'would die to serve his country, he would not do a base act to save her.'

☞ There are nine ladies attending Lectures at the Homeopathic College in Cleveland, and one at the Allopathic.

Boston Bazaar.

The inimitable D. Y., of the Anti-slavery Standard, gives the following account of the Bazaar, and divers other matters in the conclusion of his last epistle.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Bazaar closed with brilliant success. The receipts were about as large as last year, which, considering the circumstances, was doing better than ever. The circumstances to be considered are, the novelty of the place, it being a good deal more aside from the common walks of purchasers than Faneuil Hall, and the events of the past year, which have not tended to make Abolitionists and Anti-Slavery more popular than usual. The hindrances which have been put in the way of the Salvation of the Union in the cases of those traitors Shadrach and Sims, the intemperate language which has been indulged in, and the vituperative epithets applied to those admirable citizens, Commissioners Curtis and Hallet, Mayor Bigelow and his patriotic Alderman, the heroic Tukey, Marshals Devens, Sawyer and Pat Riley, the Sims Brigade, and even the God like Daniel himself, have not conciliated the favour of the purchasing classes to a great extent. I can hardly tell how it is, but the Abolitionists do not seem to grow any more popular as years roll away. And what is odd, too, everybody is as much opposed to Slavery as they are, and yet are more and more opposed to them. The fault must be in their temper and manners. In fact, it is perfectly clear that the Abolitionists are all that stand in the way of instant Emancipation. But as it is quite impossible to make them believe it, the Anti-Slavery politicians and Doctors of Divinity must struggle on against them as well as they can. The great safety of the Bazaar lies in the laws of Political Economy, which will send people to buy what they want where they can get it cheapest and best. As long as the Bazaar is furnished with such valuable and curious commodities as load its tables, there will be found people enough to take them off.

But the Managers of the Bazaar seem to partake of the judicial blindness which I have had to lament as affecting Abolitionists generally. As if the Circumstances I have alluded to where not sufficient to make their ends and means odious to the orderly and and respectable classes (I mean, of course, the classes that have the most money to spend), they must needs go and have Addresses in the evenings from some of the most impracticable and uncomfortable persons they could find. Besides the usual denunciatons of all that we hold dear, poor M. Kossuth was again served up. Mr. Wendell Phillips, not satisfied with one assault upon him, made two; he not only cut, but came again. To be sure, he carved him like a dish fit for the gods, if they like it, after it is carved. His speech has been published in the *Liberator*, and a large number of *extras* struck off, so that this new heresy may be as widely divulged as possible. I cannot suppose that you will be so lost to all sense of prudence and propriety as to reprint it, too. However, notwithstanding these and similar indiscretions, the Bazaar was very successful. It seems to have established itself among our Domestic Institutions, and to be recognised as such. What with those who go for the love of the cause, and those who are willing *to do something* for it, provided it can be done without compromising themselves, and those who *will* have pretty things at reasonable prices, even if Abolitionism itself deals them out, it is always pretty sure of doing well.

For the last week we have had a new sort of Exhibition here. The City having erected a naw jail (not before it was wanted), the old one has been open for examination, and troops of curious inquirers have visited it for the sake of the interesting associations connected with it. As for example, there was Professor Webster's Cell, that of the famous pirates, and the spot where they were hanged, respectively. Among the visitors, however there ware some who went to see the only really historical part of it. I mean the cell in which Mr. Garrison was put on the famous night of October, 1835, to save him from the patriotic hands of Boston merchants, some of whom still walk State Street, with coats and credits in various degrees of repair. To this cell one of the Justices of the Police Court came to him, the next morning (it being unsafe to take him before the court), to discharge him. Here it was, too, that Stephen Foster spent the night when he was sent to jail by the A. S. Convention of ministers and church members, he being rightfully a member. And hence it was that he had his famous chase through the streets after the constable, who in vain endeavored to outrun him, and having captured him, insisted on being taken before the Court; he again found a Judge almost as hard to catch as an officer. If anybody wants to know what New Organization means, we can point them to that Convention as a Specimen.—D. Y.

Castner Hanaway.

Extract from a letter from a friend in Pennsylvania:

'On Christmas day, we had a goodly number of guests, among them, Castner Hanaway, the traitor, and his admirable wife.—His health has suffered greatly on account of want of ventilation in his cell. The wife of Hanaway visited every prisoner once a day. On one occasion, she told us, as she was passing along the passage, she overheard one of the colored prisoners engaged in prayer. He supposed himself alone, save the presence of the Infinite One. He prayed for Castner, for his wife, and for all the suffering prisoners by name: then, pausing, he burst forth as follows:—"O, Lord God Almighty! I pray thee to take Kline, and shake him! Hold him over the gulf of hell, but don't drop him in! Shake him, O Lord, shake him well"!! What magnanimity on the part of this poor persecuted sable brother, incarcerated within his dungeon! While he prayed that the perjured villain might be shaken over the lake, he interceded with the Almighty that he would not let go his grip, and drop the poor wretch into the gulf!

'What an abomination it is, that now Hanaway is declared '*not guilty*,' all the costs of his witnesses are thrown upon him! I have no language to express the intensity of the indignation I feel for such wickedness.' —*Liberator*.

☞ There are nine ladies attending Lectures at the Homeopathic College in Cleveland, and one at the Allopathic.

From Frederick Douglass' Paper.

Letter from Calvin Fairbanks.

DEAR DOUGLASS, AND ALL WHO SYMPATIZE WITH THE SLAVE:—This day I am either to be tried, or my trial suspended until March. If tried to-day, there is but little hope of success, for witness not here, and which I am unable to obtain for want of money at present. The State may put it off. If not, we have an affidavit, which will, if justice be done in the case suspend the case. I hope the friends will not be tardy. Will you let me suffer when a little effort will secure means for my bail. It stands still at $5.000. It may be reduced. I am without means yet to fee an Attorney, though Lowell H. Rousseau and Charles M. Thurston, are faithfully attending the case. They expect pay. Well, friends whatever comes, liberty, slavery, life, death, anything, I stand, and shall stand for this faith in the living God that *makes* no law, *knows* no law, *obeys* no law for *slavery*.

I hail with some hope, the spirit developed in the reception of one of the world's orators besides George Thompson, Louis Kossuth, only let it extend to "*all men*." Let it extend to William and Ellen Crafts, Henry Box Brown, the fugitive *Tamer*, Henry Bibb, and Calvin Fairbanks. I shall stand by the law, that sits in the bosom of God, and develops itself in the harmony of nature, all countries, all rules, where *all colors are alike, and all hearts are one*. I meet the bar members all around me. I am put in mind of the diet at Worms. But little excitement. I write again soon,

And remain yours in behalf of the slave.

CALVIN FAIRBANKS.

The case was continued on application of Mr. G. It will come up in Februrary next, and will very probably be then tried.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOROUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—*Milton*.

SALEM, OHIO, JANUARY 17, 1852.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE meets February 1st.

Christian Anti-Slavery Convention.

A Call has been issued for a Christian Anti-Slavery Convention, to be held at Painsville, on the 28th and 29th of the present month. The object proposed by the call, is, "To free the church from its connexion with the sin of Slavery." The call is signed by nearly one hundred persons. It says: "It is admitted that no power without the church, could sustain slavery, if its sanction were not found within her pale." It, therefore, calls upon all Christians to unite for its overthrow.

This public acknowledgement of their responsibility by churches and ministers as strongly indicative of a revolution in public sentiment as anything else to which we can refer. Abolitionists from the outset have charged upon the church the guilt of the continuance of slavery. Public sentiment will have established its omnipotence, when it shall have extorted this confession from the mass of the clergy. It will be like a proclamation of falibility from the Pope. But the mass of them have no intention of making this confession; it is only made by here and there a conscientious one among them, or by such as have churches with consciences, and whose public sentiment compells the acknowledgement. The controling influence, and the overwhelming majority of the ministers and churches is to-day, as strongly on the side of slavery as it was fifteen years ago, when James G. Birney declared the "Churches the bulwark of Slavery." Those in the churches who are struggling against the system are a despised, hated, and so far as possible a crushed minority. Their brethren in the church and ministry, bear false witness as unscrupulously against them, as against Garrison or Pillsbury, Abby Foster, or any other of the stalwort champions of freedom. They close their meeting houses against the one, with quite as little ceremony, as against the other. And we can assure the Anti-Slavery Church members, they have much more to hope on the score of fraternal co-operation from the infidels, then from their brethren, whose fellowship they so perseveringly seek.

Mr. Aiken of Cleveland, has brought the influence of authority, so potent among churchmen, to bear upon the question, by publishing a weak and jesuitical letter from Rev. Albert Barnes, against any Anti Slavery scism in the New School Presbyterian Church. Mr. Barnes says, that maintaining fellowship with the pious traffickers in human souls, is the best of all abolition instrumentalities. And Mr. Barnes' letter weak as it is—and foisted upon the churches, simply for the sake of its authority, will silence the whisperings of conscience in a multitude of church members. "Is not Mr. Barnes one of our most pious Rabbies? Have not his labors been blessed in revivals? Is he not an approved messenger of God? Has he not evinced his theology and piety by writing a commentary upon portions of the New Testament, and thus aiding even inspiration itself, and making up for its lack of clearness and comprehensibility? And surely we may safely follow his advice, and stick by the Church, which even if it be as the infidels affirm, the hope of the slaveholder, is also the hope of the world?" Catholic Popes are not the only ones who control their followers without truth and in spite of reason.

We hope our Painsville friends will succeed in separating *themselves* from slavery, if they even have to leave the church behind.

Stephen S. Foster.—Mr. Fosters health was such a few weeks since that both he and Mrs. F. were obliged to leave the lecturing field.—But their friends in the west will be glad to learn that they are now both lecturing again in central New York. Miss Holley, Parker Pillsbury and Lewis Ford are also still in the same field. The Standard contains interesting reports of their labors.

The Maine Liquor Law---How it Works.

To the State of Maine belongs the credit of leading off in decided legislation, against the traffic in intoxicating drinks. Her law is an absolute prohibition of the sale, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes, and this limited traffic is most jealously guarded to prevent its abuse. The law is no sham, and the people who demanded it, are in earnest, as is proved by their enforcement of it. It is the most sensible law that has ever been adopted on the subject.

It does not visit the miserable drunkard with imprisonment, though that to him would be a blessing in comparison with his indulgence. It imposes upon him no fine, which would be one upon the sufferings of his afflicted wife and starving children. It does not as all other laws have done before, expend itself upon the petty retailer who, as bankrupt in cash as character, is the irresponsible go-between of the drunkard and the unprincipled capitalist, who speculates in the poison by wholesale. It does not even impose a fine upon the wholesale dealer, which he might perhaps afford to pay from the increased profits of his stock on hand. It proposes to exterminate the poison—and to do it in such a way as to defeat all hopes of gain from those whose business it is to swell this river of death. It seizes it in most "summary" way. And we are in favor of "summary process" in this case. The mark of Cain, the murderer is on it, and whosoever meeteth it, should destroy it. This law walks boldly into the Steamboat—the Rail Road Car—or the Store Room—seizes the liquor wherever found—to whomsoever belonging, in whatever quantities, and of whatever quality; whether it be the sparkling cogniac of the nabob, or the nauseous compound of his drudge, and consigns it all indiscriminately to the sewer. It *destroys the article* and of course its traffic and use. Its loss falls where it should fall, upon those who invest their capital in such nefarious business. It is a blow in the direction of the cause—and not at the effect. It dries up the fountain, instead of sopping up the streams that flow from it.

A vigorous, and we are told, a well organized effort is to be immediately made, to induce our legislature to adopt similar measures. We hope every temperance man will be found in his lot, vigorously co-operating in the work. Non-assailants and even non-resistants, if they can muster confidence enough in any sort of legislature to induce action in its behalf—of course will have no scruples about an assault upon the bungs of rum puncheons and the fassetts of whiskey barrels.

But though the law looks well upon its face; is sensible and just, yet our every day temperance men and women, who do the work in temperance, abolition, and every thing else, would like to know what have been the actual workings of the law *in Maine?*

It has been on the statute book now, some six months, or more. And to the credit of the people of Maine, it may be said, it has been no dead letter there, as we feared it would be. It has been executed, and the results are apparent. What they are, our readers will learn from the following letter, from Neal Dow, the present Mayor of Portland. A gentleman who we believe was largely instrumental in the adoption of the law, as he has also been in its vigorous execution.

The letter is copied from the New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury, and was written in answer to inquiries of a gentleman from Massachusetts, who was desirous to know whether it was worthy of an effort for a similar enactment in that State. The letter will help to answer similar inquiries from our Ohio Friends:

PORTLAND, Dec. 24, 1851.

James B. Congdon, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 20th is received, asking me to give you in a few words, my opinions as to the expediency of making the "Maine Anti-Liquor Law" the law of Massachusetts, and our experience of the working of the law in this State.

The law to which you refer was enacted in this State after a long and patient struggle of the friends of Temperance to obtain it, and was drawn with many improvements upon any preceding enactments, suggested by our experience.

A great many good temperance men took part in all our efforts to procure a stringent law—for they could not very well decline assisting us—while they all doubted the expediency of enacting such an one, and feared the result would not be favorable to the cause of Temperance. They reasoned from our experience with all preceeding laws, which had not been well calculated to accomplish their object and could not be easily enforced. They were williing, however, to aid the bolder and more sanguine friends of the Temperance cause in their efforts to procure an effective enactment, while in truth they had little hope that much good could be effected by it.

The law has been enacted, stringent in its provisions and summary in its processes, and all parties—both its friends and enemies have been greatly disappointed in its results. It has been quietly and energetically enforced, pretty generally through the State—and it has accomplished its design to an extent and with a facility, which has surprised and delighted its friends, and it is now firmly fixed in the good opinion of all classes of persons, who are friends of Law and Order, and who wish to promote the real prosperity of the State, and the happiness of the people.

The "Maine Law" is here a "fixed fact"—and by it our State has assumed a position from which she will never recede, but from which she will advance, until the rum trafic is driven entirely and forever from her borders.

The wholesale trade in strong drink is now ENTIRELY EXTERMINATED here, I mean throughout the State—and generally, the retail trade is driven into cellars and dark corners, where some persons yet slink away to gratify the appetite which is consuming them.

In this city the traffic is very nearly annihilated, and is only carried on with great secresy. Liquors are sold, if at all, with great caution, and only to those whom the dealers know or believe to be trustworthy.

The effect of this is seen in every department of our municipal affairs. Very few commitments to the watch house and House of Correction occur, our streets are quiet, there are no rows or nocturnal disturbances, and great numbers of men who formerly drank hard, and whose families were consequently poor and miserable, now abstain entirely from the use of strong drinks—at first, from the difficulty of procuring them, and afterwards from choice, as they found themselves better without them.

Our law is gaining strength and friends every day, as the benefits resulting from it are manifested to the people. Great numbers of persons who were at first opposed to the law are now among its friends and supporters.

There is no reason why Massachusetts should hesitate to follow our example in this particular. She has suffered as much from intemperance as we have: the suppression of the rum trade is as important to her interest as to ours; her people are as intelligent, and as capable of understanding their true interests as ours are: her people are as joint supporters of law and order as any others, and would unhesitatingly maintain any law, and enforce it, which the prosperity of the State and happiness of the people should require.

I therefore hope most earnestly, that the Old Bay State, may imitate our policy without delay, and that she will place upon her statute-books our law, or a better one, which will contribute more to the wealth and prosperity of the State and to the happiness of the people, than any other measure which can be devised. Very respectfully,

NEAL DOW.

Dr. Brisbane.

It will be seen by the notice published in another column that our Free Soil friends have secured the services of Rev. W. H. Brisbane as a lecturer. It is a happy selection. His candor, his thorough acquaintence with the question, and his hearty devotion to the interests of the slave, will enable him to become highly useful in this capacity.

Our Friends have heretofore satisfied themselves with the agitation, resulting from their campaign Conventions, and electioneering discussions. And although they have told much truth-yet the circumstances were decidedly unfavorable to the conviction of their political opponents. We are glad now to see them making their appeals to the community while the madness and blindness of party strife is comparatively hushed, and the reason and conscience of the people are accessible. There is wealth and talent enough in the Free Soil party of Ohio, to revolutionize the nation, if they will only cast themselves relyingly upon the great principles of truth, the only instrumentality that can effect such a revolution as abolitionists contemplate, one peaceful and just. We hope they will not therefore send Mr. Brisbane forth alone to this great work. Let him have co-adjutors. Let there be laborers in sufficient numbers to induce some reasonable hope of results worthy of the object they seek. So inadequate have been the means of abolitionists to the end sought,—that they have seemed more like a burlesque or a mockery, that like earnest efforts of sane men for the attainment of an object. To think that a system sustained and sanctioned by years of legislation—interwoven with all the business and social relations of life—with the wealth—the press—the government and the religion of the nation at its command. Its friends by the hundred and the thousand, untiringly vigilent and laborious. And who and where are they who are seeking with any appropriate energy, its overthrow. But few indeed of all classes of Anti-Slavery. And multitudes who make loud professions of anti-slavery will think they have done wonders—if they have levied an army of *one*, and sent him like the Hebrew stripling to confront the marshaled host of the Philistines. No, Free Soilers and Anti-Slavery men and women of every class, send forth laborers sufficient in numbers to accomplish some good purpose—and not by your parsimony, waste what little you do expend. So niggardly have been the masses of anti-slavery, of money and time and work—that the name would now hardly be known even as a theme for mockery, but for the fact that the sword of truth, which their isolated champions wield, is so terrible to their opponents, that *one* is a terror to a thousand, and two can put ten thousand to flight. Free Soilers have done well in commissioning Dr. Brisbane; but give him the support of co-operators.

The Liberator.

The Liberator, commences a new Volume with the year. Few papers in the country surpass it in the clearness and beauty of its typography or the excellency of its paper.

Of its principles, and its method of advocating them, we need not speak. The Liberator is no light hid under a bushel—that it should need eulogy or advertisement from us. For twenty-one years, has it with unexampled fearlessness and fidelity, proclaimed the gospel of freedom. And to-day it has the freshness, the vigor and hopefulness of its youth, for it is the advocate of principles on which, as upon their Divine author, time makes no impression.—Like him they are the same, yesterday, to-day and forever.

Those who wish to subscribe for the paper should address ROBERT F. WALLCUT, No. 21, Cornhill, Boston. Terms—$2,50 per annum in advance.

Testimony.—A writer in the Southern Press gives *fourteen reasons*, and says he could give scores more, to prove that abolition is not on the decline in the north. That is encouraging. We hope before long to enable him to give reasons equally numerous and reliable that it is on the increase north and south.

Cleveland and Pittsburgh Dailies, again.—We are happy to say that the morning papers from both these cities we now receive here regularly on the day of their publication. This opening of the railroad has given us a multitude of near, and some very clever neighbors.

Christiana Prisoners.

We mentioned last week that nine of these prisoners had been finally discharged. The Philadelphia Ledger says, that after this discharge from their four months imprisonment, penniless and in miserable condition, they were compelled on foot to seek their long separated families, at a distance of several miles. In this some of them were successful. But one, more unfortunate than the rest, was seized by the prowling villain, Kline, and an accomplice, a hoary headed man-thief, from Virginia, who alledged that he was his slave. The victim was manacled and the party drove in haste to Penningtonville, where they halted for the night, while his captors slept, the wakeful fugitive managed a successful escape, notwithstanding his hand-cuffs, which confined his arms. At the last accounts, no traces of his whereabouts had been discovered. Success to him. May he be speedily able to report his locality from the Queen's Province.

Democratic State Convention.

This Convention which met in Columbus on the 8th--passed resolutions among other things, in favor of intervention to secure non-intervention. Their 8th Resolution is as follows:

8th. Resolved, That in the conspiracy of all the monarchists of Europe against self-government, the United States do sympathize profoundly with the people; that as citizens, we offer them our emphatic encouragement to break their chains; and we hold it to be our duty, as a nation, so to shape our policy as to assist them by any means in our power; and rather than to witness the utter extinction of republicanism as a fact, and a principle in Europe, we are ready to encounter the shock of arms on the field of battle.

We recollect to have read in a book of high authority, a serious condemnation against certain persons who loudly professed to love God, whom they had not seen,—while they hated their brother whom they had seen and known, and could relieve. They were stigmatized with something like Hypocracy for their pretensions. Our Columbus Democrats seem to have something quite similar in their "profound sympathy" with the people of Europe, struggling against the conspiracy of government, while they themselves are numbered among the members of a Governmental conspiracy at home, against 3,000,000 of enslaved people. "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of their own eye—then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of the eyes" of thy less guilty brethren, the monarchists of Europe.

The Convention also went through the annual performance of telling all the world, and those of the democracy who are a little infected with Free Soilism in particular, that they are as much as ever opposed to slavery.

The following are their resolutions on the subject. The two resolutions are mutually explanitory of each other and together very clearly declares the intention of the party. The first it will be seen informs us that the "*people* of Ohio look upon slavery as an evil" and will seek to eradicate it. While the second informs us that the *Democracy* of Ohio at the same time fully recognise its right to undisturbed existence in the States where it exists. This must be something like disinterested benevolence. So forward are they to proclaim the rights of slaveholders—rights that have never been questioned except by fanatics—while so utterly oblivious of the outrages upon their own rights—outrages which none but these same fanatics have ever dared to expose or resist:

"Resolved, That the people of Ohio now, as they always have done, look upon Slavery as an evil, and unfavorable to the full developement of the spirit, and practical benefits of free institutions; and that entertaining these sentiments they will at all times feel it to be their duty to use all power clearly given by the terms of the national compact, to prevent its increase, to mitigate, and finally, to eradicate the evil, but be it further

"Resolved, That the Democracy of Ohio do at the same time fully recognise the doctrine held by the early fathers of the republic, and still maintained by the democratic party in all the States, that to each State, belongs the right to adopt and modify its own municipal laws, to regulate its own internal affairs, to hold, and maintain an equal and independent sovereignty, with each, and every State, and that upon these rights the national Legislature can neither legislate, nor encroach.

Gov. Johnson and the Kidnapping Law.

In 1847, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, passed a law against kidnapping, which among other provisions, prohibited the use of the jails of the Commonwealth, to the captors of fugitive slaves. Under the influence of Southern overseer-ship, the legislature of last winter passed a law, just upon the heel of its session, repealing this latter provision, and granting kidnappers the facilities they required, in the free use of the jails of the State. Governor Johnson retained the bill, and thus defeated the passage of the law. This pocketing of the bill by Governor Johnson, was the grand evidence of his abolitionism during the late electioneering campaign, and was used effectively by the democrats, who had the shamelessness to pretend that they were exclusively the friends of the institution. Governor Johnson has returned this bill to the present legislature, with his reasons.—Remarking upon these transactions, the Pittsburgh Gazette has the following:

We are gratified to learn that he has returned the bill with his objections. That is right.—Why should we succumb any further to that power which is advancing with too rapid strides. Five years ago the law now sought to be repealed was passed by a unanimous vote—now 19 Senators are found voting for the repeal, against 14 who voted to sustain the Governor's veto. Being less than two-thirds, the veto was sustained. Why this great change? Does it arise from fear of the treasonable threat of secession? or can it be traced to that enormous system of political management which clusters around our presidential elections, and of which the south have almost the exclusive control? Both are parts of the same grand system, and both admonish us that we are making fearful strides towards centralization, the grave of freedom.

France.

Several of the Eastern papers are filled with particulars of the usurpation in France. From these we learn that the bloodshed in Paris and in the provinces has been vastly greater than was at first supposed. Multitudes of innocent persons were coolly murdered by authority of the Despot. The soldiers imported from Algiers committed terrible excesses. The prisons are full and five steam ships at the last accounts, were ready for conveying suspicious persons to Cayenne. The free presses have all been suppressed. Notwithstanding the people have managed to distribute lithographed circulars as expressive of their views. The following is a specimen—

Constitution of the French Republic, Revised, Corrected, and considerably Diminished.

ART. I.—The National Sovereignty is imprescriptible and inalienable. Consequently, the French people abdicates its rights to Louis Napoleon, and delegates to him the care of making such a Constitution as he pleases, and promises beforehand to obey blindly whatever conditions it may contain.

ART. II.—No one can be arrested or detained except according to the forms prescribed by law; the abode of every one who inhabits the French territory is inviolable.

Consequently, it is permitted to every agent of the police, furnished or not by a regular warrant, to arrest all persons whom he may please, to force his way, armed and under the cover of the night, into the house of any citizen, to violate the secrecy of epistolary correspondence, and to put a seal on the printing presses of the journals who have the audacity not to join in singing the praise of the government. The Bastile, which by a mistake was destroyed 60 years ago, shall be replaced by the Castle of Ham, the forts of Mont Valerin and Vincennes, and by the prison of Mazas. All citizens who do not declare that they are perfectly satisfied with these arrangements will be expelled the country.

ART. III.—No one shall be removed from the authority of his natural Judges. Consequently, courts martial will sit permanently; all assemblies of three persons are secret societies, and every member of a secret society will be deported, unless he shall have been previously shot.

ART. IV.—The right of instruction is free. Consequently, M. Montalembert and his friends, the Jesuits, are alone charged with the instruction of youth.

ART. V.—No tax can be imposed or levied except by virtue of a law to that effect. All taxes are raised for the public benfit. Consequently, the Minister of Finance, our dear friend Fould, will alone have the management of the budget, and expend the money of the tax-payers, subject to our control alone.

ART. VI.—A High Court of Justice is established to take cognizance of the crime of high treason committed by the President or his accomplices. Consequently, the President and his accomplices shall have a right to disperse by force the said High Cour, and to cast into prison its members. *Those* members shall be placed in solitary confinement, and shall be *authorized* to deliberate at their leisure *on the proper means for* seizing on the *delinquents* and *bringing them* to trial.

ART. VII.—The public force is established in order to guarantee the execution of the law throughout the whole extent of the Republic. Consequently, those who violate the law have the sole right to invoke the aid of the said public force, and to make use of it to ill-use imprison, and shoot, at their good-will and pleasure, all who have the audacity to demand the strict observance of the law and the Constitution.

ART. VIII.—Universal suffiage is reestablished. But it will never be called into operation, except on the 20th December, instant, and then its sovereign decision will only be respected in case it proclaims Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the Republic.

Sabbath Breaking.

It is proposed that the clergy of Pittsburgh, preach a sermon, and take up a collection on Sunday in furtherance of the plans of Kossuth. And next Sabbath, when Kossuth is expected to be in the city, is the day set apart for the purpose.

Alas, on what degenerate days are we fallen, that such a proposition should even be made! Can it be possible that piety will desecrate the meeting-house—the pulpit and the Sabbath, all at once by preaching politics on the sacred day? By pleading for Hungarian freedom, and Hungarian funds? We dare say it will;—for popularity demands it. And with piety, now-a-days, "the voice of the people is the voice of God," and can reverse all the commandments of the decalogue. And this same piety will, hereafter, as it has done before, rend the heavens with its clamor against abolitionists, for infidelity and Sabbath breaking, if on the Sabbath they dare plead for the millions, whom the church enslaves. It makes all the difference in the world, whether the slaves are held by pious protestant republicans, or catholic imperialists.

War in Mexico.

The war in Northern Mexico is at an end. The forces of Caravajal have been entirely dispersed and Caravajal himself is said to be a prisoner in the hands of United States Officers. He was arrested for a violation of the neutrality laws. Fortune, the fickle jade, is even turning against the slave-holders—with whom for years she has been domiciled. Shadrack, Jerry and the Crafts, hopelessly gone—with a cloud of other witnesses for freedom. The Cuban and Mexican Fillibustering a failure—and worst of all no traitors to be hung—and the ghost of the kidnapping Gorsuch stalking still unappeased and unavenged. We shall look for something desperate on the part of the chivalry soon.—Their fortunes they must retrieve.

Professor Stuart of Andover, died on the 4th inst., aged 71. Professor Stuart has had a reputation as a scholar and theologian, unfortunately he devoted his last days to the support of slavery and the apostates from freedom.

Writings of Mr. Garrison.

Selections from the writings and speeches of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, with an Appendix—Boston, R. F. Wallcut, 21 Cornhill, 1852.

This neat volume of 400 pages will be welcomed by abolitionists. For almost a quarter of a century Mr. Garrison has improved every impressive occasion to advocate by speech or pen the great cause that has absorbed his life and energies. Perspicuity, directness and power, are the distinguishing characteristicks of Mr. Garrison's style. And as with wonderful energy and singleness of purpose he brings this style to bear upon the support of great principles—his arguments are almost always invulnerable—and his exposures of injustice intolerable to pertinacious wrong doers. Hence while Mr. Garrison has had the warmest and most devoted of friends. He has been maligned and hated beyond all modern example, by the foes of freedom and justice.

A judicious selection from his productions would embrace much that would be of permanent value as the exposition of unchanging principles. From a hasty glance at its contents we see that it contains extracts from what we have heretofore considered his most successful efforts. We hope the book may have an extensive circulation. Buy it. You will be the better for its perusal—spread it over the land. Its uncompromising advocacy of justice is just what this time serving, mammon worshiping people need.

Take the following for an example. It alone is worth more than the book can cost.

NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY.

Let not those who say, that the path of obedience is a dangerous one, claim to believe *in the living* and true God. They deny *his omniscience*, omnipresence, omnipotence. *It is his will*, that the bands of wickedness should be loosed, the heavy burdens of tyranny undone, the oppressed set free. They reject it as absurd, impracticable, dangerous. *It is his promise*, that the results of emancipation shall be noon-day light for darkness, health for disease, fertility for barrenness, prosperity like a spring of water whose waters fail not, the *building up* of old waste places, *the restoring of paths to dwell in*, the glory *of the Lord for a rereward*, and his guidance *continually*! They affirm, that the promise is worthless, and to disregard it is a duty. They exalt the Spirit of Evil above all that is called God, and raise an Ephesian clamor against those who will not fall down and worship it. Yet they put on the garb of religion; they extol faith, hope, charity; they build and dedicate temples of worship, in the name of Christ; they profess to be the disciples of Him who came to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Unblushing hypocrites! think not, by your pious dissembling, to hide your iniquity from the pure in heart, or to 'circumvent God'! Impious contemners of Divine wisdom and goodness! from your companionship, the spirits of the free shrink with horror!

For more than two centuries, slavery has *polluted* the American soil. It has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of the republic. Its victims have multiplied, from a single cargo of stolen Africans, to three millions of native-born inhabitants. In our colonial state, it was deemed compatible with loyalty *to the* mother country. In our revolutionary struggle for independence, *it exchanged the* sceptre of monarchy *for the star-spangled* banner of republicanism, *under the* folds of which it has found *ample encouragement* and protection. *From the days* of the Puritans down to the *present time*, it has been sanctified by the religion, and upheld by the patriotism of the nation. From the adoption of the American Constitution, it has declared war and made peace, instituted and destroyed national banks and tariffs, controlled the army and navy, prescribed the policy of the government, ruled in both houses of Congress, occupied the Presidential chair, governed the political parties, distributed offices of trust and emolument among its worshippers, fettered Northern industry and enterprise, and trampled liberty of speech and of conscience in the dust.

Slavery must be overthrown. No matter how numerous the difficulties, how formidable the obstacles, how strong the foes to be vanquished—slavery must cease to pollute the land. No matter, whether the event be near or remote, whether the taskmaster willingly relinquished his arbitrary power, whether by a peaceful or a bloody process—slavery must die. No matter, though, to effect it, every party should be torn by dissensions, every sect dashed into fragments, the national compact dissolved, the land filled with the horrors of a civil and a servile war—still, slavery must be buried in the grave of infamy, beyond the possibility of a resurrection. If the State cannot survive the anti-slavery agitation, then let the State perish. If the Church must be cast down by the *strugglings of Humanity* to be free, then let the Church fall, and its fragments be scattered to the four winds of heaven, never more to curse the earth. If the American Union cannot be maintained, except by immolating human freedom on the altar of tyranny, then let the American Union be consumed by a living thunderbolt, and no tear be shed over its ashes. If the Republic must be blotted out from the roll of nations, by proclaiming liberty to the captives, then let the Republic sink beneath the waves of oblivion, and a shout of joy, louder than the voice of many waters, fill the universe at its extinction.

Against this declaration, none but traitors and tyrants will raise an outcry. It is the mandate of Heaven, and the voice of God. It has righteousness for its foundation, reason for its authority, and truth for its support. It is not vindictive but merciful, not violent but pacific, not destructive but preservative. It is simply asserting the supremacy of right over wrong, of liberty over slavery, of God over man. It is only raising the standard of rectitude from the dust, and placing it on the eternal throne.

There must be no compromise with slavery—none whatever. Nothing is gained, every thing is lost, by subordinating principle to expediency. The spirit of freedom must be inexorable in its demand for the instant release of all who are sighing in bondage, nor abate one jot or tittle of its righteous claims. By one remorseless grasp, the rights of humanity have been taken away; and by one strong blow, the iron hand of usurpation must be made to relinquish its hold. The apologist for oppression becomes himself the oppressor. To palliate crime is to be guilty of its perpetration. To ask for a postponement of the case, till a more convenient season, is to call for a suspension of the moral law, and to assume that it is right to do wrong, under present circumstances. Talk not of other questions to be settled, of other interests to be secured, of other objects to be attained, before the slave can have his fetters broken. Nothing can take precedence of the question of liberty. No interest is so momentous as that which involves 'the life of the soul;' no object so glorious as the restoration of a man to himself. It is idle to talk of human concerns, where there are not human beings. Slavery annihilates manhood, and puts down in its crimson ledger as chattels personal, those who are created in the image of God. Hence, it tramples under foot whatever pertains to human safety, human prosperity, human happiness. Hence, too, its overthrow is the primary object to be sought, in order to secure private advantage and promote the public weal.

In the present struggle, the test of character is as infallible as it is simple. He that is with the slaveholder is agains the slave: he that is with the slave is against the slaveholder. He that thinks, speaks, acts, on the subject of slavery, in accordance with the feelings and wishes of the tyrant, does every thing to perpetuate the thraldom of his victims. When was it ever known for tyranny to devise and execute effective measures for its own overthrow? Or for the oppressor and the oppressed to be agreed on the great question of equal rights? Who talks of occupying neutral ground between these hostile parties? of reconciling them, by prolonging the sufferings of the one, and the cruelty of the other? of mutually satisfying them as to the means and the plan by which the rod and the chain shall be broken? I tell such vain babbler, or crafty hypocrite, that he is acting the part of a fool or a knave. Impossibilities are impossibilities; and to propose their adoption, as the only rational methods by which to dethrone injustice, is an insult to human intelligence. Slavery cannot be conquered by flattery or stratagem. Its dying throes will convulse the land and sea.

Abolitionists! friends of liberty! remember that the foe with whom you are in conflict is full 'of all deceivableness of unrighteousness,' and will resort to every artifice to make you quit the field. Put on the whole armor of God; so shall you be invulnerable and invincible; so shall no weapon against you prosper. The war admits of no parley. No flag of truce must be sent or received by you; you must neither give nor take any quarters. As Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, so, with the battle-axe of Truth, you must cleave Slavery to the ground, and give its carcass to the fowls of the air. May Heaven reinspire your hearts, give new vigor to your arms, direct your blows aright, fill the breast of the enemy with dismay, and grant you a splendid victory!

Kidnapping and Probable Murder.

On the 31st ult., A. M. McCreary a notorious kidnapper from Maryland, came to the house of Joseph S. Miller of West Nottingham, Chester Co., Pa., and seized a colored girl named Rachel Parker, professedly as his prisoner, though without exhibiting any legal authority. After some resistance from Mr. and Mrs. Miller, he succeeded with the aid of an accomplice in dragging her to a carriage and escaping to Maryland.

Mr. Miller, with some of his neighbors followed in pursuit to Baltimore, where they found the woman deposited in a slave pen for safe keeping. With the aid of some friends McCreary was arraigned before a magistrate and principally on the testimony of Mr. Miller, was bound over for trial in the sum of $300 for kidnapping. We give the remaining history of the affair from the Pennsylvania Freeman.

After the hearing, Mr. Cochrane took Miller and his companions to his house, and having fears for their safety, kept them in till they had their tea and the hour arrived at which they were to start for Pennsylvania. They were then sent in a cab, or cabs, to the Depot. They entered the cars and took their seats. Mr. Miller, desiring to smoke a segar, went out to stand on the platform.—His companions followed him soon after, and not finding him there, they went out and looked at the other end of the car, but still seeing nothing of him, they turned to come into the car again, but in doing so one of them was tapped on the shoulder by a person who said a friend wished to see him "at the other end of the car, or car-house."—Fearing some mischief, he gave no heed to the man, and re-entered.

The cars started. At Havre-de-Grace they looked through all the train for Miller, but did not find him. They then returned to Baltimore to make further search. Early in the morning they commenced inquiries, and continued them through the day, without effect. They finally returned without him. On the 2d inst. his body was found near Stemmer's Run, nine miles from Baltimore, suspended to a tree, by two handkerchiefs tied together. His lower extremities were touching the ground almost from the knees.

Mr. Miller was a highly respectable farmer, in good circumstances, and there was nothing in his character, as there was certainly nothing in the circumstances, to justify the belief of suicide. He was not in the habit of carrying more than one handkerchief, and never wore a neck-hankerchief.

Threats of violence had been used at Baltimore by the McCreary party, and a gentleman of our acquaintance is willing to testify that he heard a person in the Gorsuch party, after the treason trials, utter a distinct threat of hanging the first Abolitionist that they should catch in Maryland. Our informant tells us that the universal impression in West Nottingham seemed to be that Mr. Miller was foully murdered; and from all the facts we have thus far been able to glean, this is almost an inevitable conclusion.

We trust the whole matter will receive a thorough investigation. No pains, no time or money should be spared to sift this matter to the bottom. Every man in the community has an interest in bringing the facts to light.

A requisition for McCreary has been granted by Governor Johnston upon the Governor of Maryland. But as the executive of that State feels especially called upon to extend its protection to suspected and convictep kidnappers, we do not feel any certainty of the requisition being complied with. We shall see, however, in a few days.

Utah and the Mormons.

The United States Judges and the Secretary for Utah have returned home having been prevented from fulfilling their duties by the intervention of Bingham Young the Governor of the teritory. Governor Young is the head and inspired prophet of the Mormon church and by virtue of his saintship, his will is law in church and state. These fugitive functionaries, have presented their report to the president which is published, and developes a most astonishing state of affairs in that Territory. The Governor has embezzled for the use of the church the funds appropriated for the organizarion of the government, so far as he was able to get them into his possession and flatly defies the other authorities of the Federal Government. Their statement abundantly confirms all that has heretofore been said of the practice of poligamy among them. The Congressional Delegate from the Territory however denies the truth of their statements.

Kossuth and Kane.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Who can wonder that the quick-witted Hungarian should have been so forcibly reminded of this passage of Shakespeare when he found himself cheek by jowl and welcomed too with most profuse professions of the duty of assisting those struggling for liberty, by no less a person than the famous, not to say infamous, Judge Kane. This same Kane was just fresh, as Kossuth must have well known—be sure he knows what is going on—from an attempt never outdone if it was ever equaled, even in Austria, to hang thirty-eight of his fellow citizens, for having dared to sympathize with a fugitive from infinitely worse than Austrian, from Maryland bondage,—and the hypocritical scoundrel, with the spots of blood that he longed for, spattered all over his garments, dares to come into the presence of Kossuth, and to prate about the duty of helping the oppressed!

Well might Kossuth exclaim as he did,

There are more things in Heaven and Earth
Than were dreamed of in my philosophy.

Kossuth's genius may be able to put even such a sympathizer to some good use, at all events he spoke the Judge fair in Philadelphia, where he can do but little harm. But our word for it, should ever any such white livered hypocrite venture to approach him after his return to Hungary, with another quotation from Hamlet of "a rat! a rat behind the arras," he will pin the spy and eaves-dropper to the wall.—*Commonwealth.*

That depends very much upon circumstances. It seems that he bowed and smiled approvingly upon the 'white livered hypocrite,' 'with the spots of blood he longed for' all fresh and visible. He might do it again in Hungary, if it was needful to his purpose.

More Intervention.

In accordance with a request of a recent Philadelphia meeting, Governor Johnson has addressed a letter to the President of the United States, requesting his official interference in behalf of the Irish Exiles in Van Diemans Land.

We hope he will interfere. And that his intervention will be successful. For that Meagher and O'Conner and their associates loved and sought liberty, is no reason for their exclusion from their native Isle. And more; we hope the example will be followed—that Her Majesty will interfere with this government, in behalf of the 12 or 15,000 exiled Americans in Canada. We hope she too will be successful.

We go for giving to all exiles for freedom's sake, the full range of the world for the developement of their plans, whether they be national or personal. And no matter if the exiles be black as the American, brown as the Hungarian, or even white or ruddy as the Irish. We are decidedly for intervention for freedom. In favor of combination for intervention. We hope America and England will succeed in intervention for Hungary. That the Hungarians will repudiate Kossuth's *non*-intervention policy and combine with England and all the rest of the world for American freedom.

BREVITIES.

The French army in Algiers voted against Louis Napoleon.

Napoleon has received a present of a coach and four splendid horses from the Emperor of Austria.

Eugene Sue is among the political prisoners in Paris.

Forty miles of the Panama Rail Road will be ready for use by the first of March.

One of the Hungarian exils has connected himself with the publication of a German paper in New York City.

Catharine Hayes has given a concert for the entertainment of the New York Free Schools.

Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion for the New Year is a splendid paper, typographically.

On the first day of the year the House of correction in Portland, Me., was without an occupant. They say the Maine liquor law has emptied it.

The Maine House of Representatives have passed a resolution in favor of Kossuths plan.

The Ohio Legislature has passed resolutions inviting Kossuth to visit Columbus.

The new Mayor of Boston was elected by a majority of *one*.

The New Year's thaw raised the eastern rivers so that much damage has been done thereby.

A large number of the citizens of Chardon, Geauga, Co., leave for California on the 20th instant.

The reception of Kossuth at Harrisburgh proved nearly a failure, in consequence of the disorderly conduct of the crowd.

Kossuth---Why this noise about him?

GARRETTSVILLE, Sunday, Jan. 4th.

DEAR MARIUS: People are all running crazy after Kossuth. Even the *Abolitionists* can not let him alone. In fact, I could not, last week. But what is the use? Who *is* Kossuth? He's but one man, and there never is *one* man without there being another, and there is no *Kossuth* in this country, without there being more than *three millions of slaves* in it, at the same time! Now why not talk about these three millions a little, as well as say so much about this *one?* Who can tell? Can any body? Is not each one of the slaves as good as Kossuth? Is he not as much entitled to his liberty! And is not the freedom of all the slaves taken together, worth as much as the Independence of Hungary? Then why give to this one man so disproportionate a share of time and attention?

Friends of Humanity! A nation is waiting to be redeemed in this country, as well as in Europe! Millions are calling upon you here! *Here*—here, is the work to which you are summoned! Be not diverted from it. Have a single eye. Turn, neither to the right hand, nor to the left. Sympathize with *all* men—love all men—work for all men—but let your love, work, and sympathy, be first for those *at home*—those in your own midst—those whom you and I have been helping to enslave! None other *can* have such claims upon you. Heaven help the slaves, for all men pass *them* by, on the other side! And thou, O mocking nation, weeping over the woes of Hungary, while thou, thou plantest—thy hoof on the necks of *thy own* Magyars—repent, and clothe thee with sackcloth, if, perchance, thou mayest avert their awful fate!

JOSEPH TREAT.

Origin of the fire in the Capitol.—The fire in the Capitol at Washington is supposed to have communicated to the Library from a beam passing over it, one end of which extended into a defective flue. The flue had been on fire and on removing the rubbish this beam was found to be nearly consumed, while the others in its vicinity were but slightly burned.

Don't fail to read WENDELL PHILLIPS' speech on Kossuth's course, on our first page. We were very reluctantly obliged to omit a part of it. In point of logic and eloquence, the speech would not suffer beside the efforts of the Magyar himself, while its faithful application of principle, administers to him a severe and merited rebuke.

Congress and the Ohio Legislature.—We have looked shaply at the proceedings of these two bodies of congregated wisdom to find something for our readers. But we have seen nothing during the last week that seemed worth the printing.

We learn from the Pittsburgh Telegraphic reports that Governor Wood delivered his Inaugural on the 12th. Advocating the compromise measures—affirming that the time had not yet come for their repeal and that they should have a fair trial.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Boston on the 28th, 29th and 30th of the present month.

The New Hungarian Paper and the Slave Question.

The New German paper recently started in New York, of which Mr. GYURMAN, one of the Hungarian refugees, who arrived in the Mississippi, is associate Editor, has the following declaration in regard to its course:

The following are the pending questions of the present policy in reference to which we will give our course and platform:

1. The slavery question. With regard to it, we consider the compromise no settled solution, but a provisional law, for the abrogation of which, at least so far as the extradition of slaves is concerned, we will employ all the means which a public organ can command.

2. Land Reform. We defend the principle of Land Reform, and contend against monopoly of the soil.

This declaration has made no small buzz among the slaveholding admirers of Kossuth and liberty, especially as Mr. Gyurman had formerly been connected with a Journal, in Kossuth's interest in Hungary, had also his advice and recommendation to commence the like employment here. Kossuth with a subserviency that would do credit to the most skillful of northern doughfaces, hastens by his Secretary, to disclaim all connexion with this domestic intervention. The Secretary says in his communication to the National Intelligencer:

"As Gov. Kossuth has no connexion, direct or indirect, with the paper in question, and no control over Mr. Gyurman, Gov. Kossuth cannot, on account of his advice to that gentleman to serve his country, be without gross injustice made responsible for Mr. Gyurman's occupying himself with a question of domestic American policy, injuriously to the interests of his own country, and in diametric opposition to Gov. Kossuth's decidedly expressed opinion as to the duty and policy of non-interference in such questions."

So it seems that to seek the abrogation of the Fugitive Slave Law—and oppose Land Monopoly is, Kossuth being Judge, injurious to the interests of Hungary. We are glad that Mr. Gyurman thinks otherwise. We have already quite enough of those connected with our public journals, who enact the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out by request of slaveholders, without importing them from Europe.

To the Free Democracy of the State of Ohio.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—

As the present year will be one of great importance in the political course of parties in this Nation; and is very desirable to ascertain, as early as possible; the distinctive points of special interest which should engage the attention of the friends of human rights in the contest for the Presidency; and a delegation is to be appointed to the National nominating Convention; we respectfully invite you to hold a Mass Meeting in Columbus, on the Second Wednesday, the 11th day of February, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

We hope our old Liberty friends—the early champions of the freedom of all men—will come up, to inspire with their presence and with their experience, those who have more recently buckled on the armor; and that all—old and young—will give proof of a determination to battle valiantly until victory perches on our banner.

CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

L. L. RICE, FRANKLIN GALE,
W. B. JARVIS, ALBERT G. RIDDLE,
WM. HENRY BRISBANE,

COLUMBUS, O., January 1st, 1852.

TRAVELING AGENT.

At a meeting of the State Central Committee, of the Free Democratic Party of Ohio. January 1st. 1852, Dr. William Henry Brisbane was appointed an Agent and Lecturer to travel through the State for the purpose of promoting the Anti-Slavery sentiment, and the general objects of the Party; and we earnestly recommend to the friends of freedom to take measures not only to keep Dr. Brisbane efficiently supported, but to bring other speakers into the field to co-operate with him.

L. L. RICE,
Chairman of State Cen. Com.

CINCINNATI, O., January 2d, 1852

FRIENDS OF LIBERTY:—

Having been appointed by the State Central Committee of the Free Democracy of Ohio, to lecture on the subject of Slavery and kindred topics, and to act generally in promoting the more efficient organization of the party, I take this method of calling your attention to the importance of making early arrangements in your various Counties and Townships to organize for the approaching Presidential election.

I shall endeavor to go over as much ground as I can efficiently, and shall be pleased to receive such suggestions and aid as the cause may demand. Any special invitations to particular places will be regarded with appropiate attention; and I doubt not facilities for meeting my appointments will be afforded by those who feel interested to have me with them.

My Post Office address is Cincinnati.

Respectfully,
WM. HENRY BRISBANE.

P. S. The Editors of papers, friendly to our cause, will please publish the above in their colums.

Receipts for The Bugle for the week ending January 14th.

E. Hillis, Montpelier,	4,00-326
E. Lewis, Pennsville,	1,00-398
G. Freed, New Alexandria,	37-329
J. Metzgar, Claridon,	1,00-368
J. Speers, Deerfield,	1,50-363
J. Kitchen, Massillon,	2,66-321
E. Whinery, New Garden,	78-329
James Whinery, "	30-329

KOSSUTH'S APPEARANCE AND RACE.—A New York correspondent of *Frederick Douglass' Paper*, whom we presume to be Dr. McCune Smith, thus speaks of the personal appearance of Kossuth, and comments upon his origin:

[*Standard.*

There is nothing remarkable in the *physique* of Kossuth in ordinary, except that sort of universal or type countenance which puzzles you with the conviction that he looks like several men whom you are well acquainted with but cannot recall. This is true of the physical appearance of many great men. But, Kossuth inspired, is grand indeed, beyond ordinary great men. But the fun of it is, that Kossuth, the idol of the American nation, *is not a white man*. He is not a Caucasian, and, thank God, he is not an Anglo-Saxon. Put that in your pipe and smoke it! Confessedly the greatest man in Christendom is not a white man. His complexion is swarthy, between a mulatto and a quadroon. His form of skull is peculiar. His forehead is neither high nor perpendicular; but the perceptive faculties are full without projecting. The greatest height of skull is just before the ear: he has not what Phrenologists call concentration or self-esteem. But the domestic and home love faculties he has enormously developed, along with the very great breadth of skull between the ears. His nose is so common, as to account for the fact, physiognomically, that he did not, *nolens volens*, take the dictatorship, and free Hungary and Austria at a blow. Bonaparte or Jackson, in April, 1849, would have done for Francis Joseph & Co. I said he is not a Caucasian. He is by blood a Mongol; and therefore, according to Ethnography, belongs to the second best race of mankind. Moreover, he is a Sclave, not a Magyar. And Sclaves are the race from whose condition the word Slave has been Anglicised.

"My Flat-irons!" "My Wheelbarrow!"

A few days since, a house was consumed by fire. All the furniture and winter provisions went to ashes. An old lady near, exclaimed, "There, *my flat-irons* will be burned!" She had loaned them to her neighbor. This equals the man in the State of Pa., who had fifty men at work for him in the coal-mines, and he, a capitalist, owned all the wheelbarrows which they used. One of the poor Irish laborers fell some 40 feet, taking his wheelbarrow with him. His employer exclaimed: "There goes *my wheelbarrow!*"

Both these worthies are in company with HORACE GREELY, who pledges himself to remain with the Whig party, on the condition that the party will hold to the doctrine of the "*protection*" of *things*, whatever becomes of MAN. J. R. J.

ITHACA, Dec. 12th, 1851.

F. D. Paper.

Religious Notice.

The Rev. ARCHIBALD KENYON, will speak on Sabbath next at 11 o'clock, A. M., in the second Baptist Church, on the duty of the church to the enslaved.

The Power of the Press.

The following statement, shows the number of presses and persons employed in the four largest book publishing concerns in this city, affords some idea of the moral power that here moulds the public mind.

Harpers' estab'ment,	20	presses,	400	hands.
The Tract House	13	"	275	"
Bible House,	10	"	300	"
Met'dist Book Concern	8	"	200	"
	51		1,175	

The number of presses includes only power presses. But few, however, of any other variety are in use. Of the hands about four hundred and twenty are females, the majority of them young girls.

The Appletons have eighteen presses running a good part of the time.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce, 11th.*

Slave Case in Missouri.

☞ An important slave case has lately been under trial in one of the Missouri Circuit Courts. A colored woman named Sylva, held as a slave by a man named Kirby, sues for her freedom, on the ground that, since the passage of the Missouri compromise act, which prohibits slavery in the territory west of the State of Missouri, and north of the paraelle of 36 deg. 30 min., her master had resided in that territory with her, by which his claim to hold her as a slave is forfeited. Able lawyers argued the case on both sides, the counsel for the master urging that the act in question was in violation of the Constitution of the United States, and the Congress has no power to prohibit slavery in the territories. The St. Louis Republican, from which we obtain the above information, makes no mention of any decision in the case, but says that the case goes to the Supreme Court.

Agents for the Bugle.

The following named persons are requested and authorized to act as agents for the Bugle in their respective localities.

Chas. Douglass, Berea, Cuyahoga county, Ohio.
Timothy Woodworth, Litchfield, Medina co., O.
Wm. Payne, Richfield, Summit co., Ohio.
Jesse Scott, Summerton, Belmont Co.
Z. Baker, Akron, Summit Co.
H. D. Smalley, Randolph, Portage Co.
Mrs. C. M. Latham, Troy, Geauga, Co., O.
J. Southam, Brunswick.
O. O. Brown, Bainbridge.
L. S. Spees, Granger.

HOLLIDAY GIFTS.

THOSE who desire to make presents to their friends on the approaching hollidays, will do well to call at McMILLIAN'S BOOK STORE, Five Doors East of the Town Hall, where they will find an assortment of SPLENDID GIFT BOOKS.

Also, A great variety of Miscellaneous Books, suitable for entertainment on long winter evenings and all other times. Fancy Note Paper, Envellopes, and all kinds of Stationery, wholesale and retail; Accordeons, Fancy Articles and Toys, &c., &c.

Salem, Dec. 18, 1851.

Fancy Goods, and Yankee Notions,

WHOLESALE and retail, at the lowest prices. Just received at the Yankee Notion Store, North side Main-st., Salem, a large supply of Fancy Goods, and Yankee Notions,

CONSISTS IN PART OF

Ribbons	Hose, all kinds
Satin	Half hose
Silk serge	Gloves, all kinds
Silk, Linen & Cotton Handkerchiefs	Shoes—men's, women's & children's
Green & Blue Berage	Gum over-shoes
Book & Mull Muslin	Buttons, all kinds
Jackonetts	Spoons, table desert and tea Silver plated, German silver, britania.
Sewing & sadlers silk	
Silk Twist	
Coat's best spool cotton	Butter knives, silver plated, & German silver
Stuarts " "	
Victoria " "	Spectacles—silver plated and German silver
Yankee " "	
Skein thread	
Shoe "	Pen and pocket knives, best quality
Patent do.	
Zephyr	Scissors " "
Silk worsted linen & cotton braid	Ivory dressing, hair and pocket combs
Linen & cotton tape	Pocket wallets
Table cloths	Bill "
Brown hollands	Porte Mounaies
Irish linen	Shoe lacets
Silk, linen & cotton lace	Cravat and pant buckles
	Fancy soaps, all kinds
Edgings	Galloons
Children's hoods	Needles
" coats	Pins
Comforts	Darning needles
Carpet bags	Bag and purse clasps
Hair & cloth brushes	Steel beads
Dusting & scrub "	Hooks and eyes
Horse, cloth & hat "	Umbrellas
Dolls	Linen collars
Children's gum toys.	

Together with a large ssortment of Fancy Stationary and other articles.

SAMUEL BROOKE.

Salem, Oct. 15th, 1851.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE subscriber is induced to offer, for the benefit of those not prepared to commence study at the usual time—first Monday of October—and who are desirous of availing themselves of his facilities, for acquiring knowledge: A second term, opening the second Monday of December. And can assure those who may come, that they shall have equal opportunities with those now here, and that the two classes shall not conflict with each other, but on the contrary, may be of mutual benefit.

Among the means at command for demonstration, may be found a fine *French Obstetrical Manikin*, skeletons, wet and dried preparations, life sized, and hundreds of other anatomical plates, a collection of most approved colored plates for illustrating Medical Botany and Pathology, besides a well selected modern library, containing works on all the various branches, affording an opportunity of no ordinary character to Ladies and Gentlemen, for speedily and thoroughly acquiring a knowledge of Anatomy and Physiology, or the science of Medicine. The design is, as it has been heretofore, to give as far as possible practical illustrations.

Those intending to study Medicine would do well to commence at their earliest convenience.

K. G. THOMAS.

Marlboro', Oct. 15th, 1851.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE. VOL. 7.

Miscellaneous.

Extracts from the Home Journal.

The Home Journal commences a new volume with the year. Its Editors present a great variety of interesting social facts, drawn both from this country and Europe. This may be said to be its distinguishing characteristic. The following are extracts from this department of the paper:

Belgium has long been the "casters" in the centre of the table of Europe—where the essence of everything relishable was to be had at the least expense. The best restaurants, the best opera, the best society, the most enlightened public opinion, the easiest access to all the news of the world, and the least tyranny of classes, sects, or political parties, have long been the recognised features of Brussels. It is stated in a London paper that Kossuth is going to make that city his temporary home, after his return from the United States. The paragraph we refer to says that "the three reasons are, its nearness to Hungary, the comparative freedom enjoyed by its inhabitants, and the cheapness of the necessaries of life."

Bloomerism is neither peculiar to the century nor to Christendom. Mr. Pepys, in his celebrated Diary, published in 1662 in describing the female costume of his day, says: "The women wear doublets, coats, and great shirts, just for all the world like mine; so that only for a petticoat dragging under their shirts, nobody could take them for women in any way whatever." It is related also that Sir John Ross, the celebrated Arctic voyager, on being shown a print of the Bloomer costume, recognised it immediately as the female Esquimaux dress; quaintly adding—"Silks, instead of seals, *that's all*."

REPUBLICAN TENDENCIES IN ENGLAND.—A powerful movement is now in progress in England to extend the suffrage. To be a voter in that country, a man must either occupy a house at a rent of ten pounds, or own land producing forty shillings a year. Societies have been formed called "Freehold Land Societies," for the purposes of purchasing estates and selling them out again in lots of the required value, to mechanics and others, at prime cost. The idea was originated by a Mr. James Taylor, four years ago. The first meeting consisted of himself and one other person, whose united capital amounted to *two shillings* sterling. Says the Weekly London Times:—

"At this moment there are upwards of one hundred societies in England and Wales, containing 45,000 members, who have subscribed for 65,000 shares. They have purchased one hundred and fifty estates, and created no less than 15,000 freeholds. The immense sum of £400,000 has been actually paid up, and the subscriptions exceed £2,000,000. In the year just closed—the fourth since the project was set in motion—there has been a large increase of members, and the money actually received amounts nearly to a quarter of a million sterling. Already the political effects of the movement are felt in several districts; and in the divisions of counties near Birmingham, where there has been most activity, it is believed that sufficient independent freeholds have been created to wrest the representation from the hands of the great magnates who have hitherto nominated the noble lordlings and honorable gentlemen supposed by a constitutional fiction to be sent into the Commons House of Parliament by the people at large. If the same rate of progress be maintained for a few years longer, the English counties will be enfranchised, and the people will be able to dictate reforms, instead of supplicating, cap in hand, to a Lord John Russel, or sending petitions to be deposited, unread and unheeded, in the cellars of the House of Commons."

A leading person in the new movement is Mr. Cobden, of Manchester. It has an opponent in the Morning Chronicle, which objects to the scheme on the ground that "a prime desideratum, in a poor man's investment, is convertibility into cash without loss of time or money," which desideratum an investment in *land* does not possess.

Villainy.

We copy the following cool paragraph from the Louisville *Courier:*

"A man named Akins, who was detected in selling 'passes' to negroes, in order to enable them to escape from their masters, was arrested, but nothing could be done with him, as there was only negro testimony against him. He was, however, seized by the crowd, who stripped him and gave him two or three hundred lashes on his back, and then started him down the river on the steamer Winslow."

Two or three hundred lashes inflicted on a man's bare back, for "selling passes to negroes," and this with no testimony against him but that of people whose oaths could not be believed in a Court of Justice, against that same white man, if he had murdered ten negroes! How could the crowd of villains know that he was guilty? and if even so, was that a crime worthy of such punishment? Had he bought one of these slaves, taken a mother from her babe, and lashed her naked back for "whimpering" about it, would any of that crowd have dared even to object to it? No, he would have been a gentleman slaveholder then, but to sell "passes" was a hideous crime, deserving of two or three hundred lashes, though he could not be proved guilty. Kentucky should follow the example of North Carolina, and improve her laws, so that a slave negro's testimony may be good against any white man who offers to aid him to escape from bondage, but of no weight should a white man ravish the wife or daughter or murder the whole family of the slave.—*Pitts. D'spatch.*

A man's nature is indicated by his dress. The open hearted man wears his clothes loose and comfortable, while narrow contracted men sport neatness and white chockers, tied very tight. Your monied men on the contrary are close shaped, and look crisp, like a new bank note. Never ask a favor of a man who wears his cravat tight.

☞The proposed enlargement of the Capitol at Washington, will cost $5,000,000. Better move it first.

☞We gain nothing by falsehood but the disadvantage of not being believed when we speak the truth.

From Dickens' Household Words.

The Waste of War.

Give me the gold that war has cost,
  Before this peace-expanding day;
The wasted skill, the labor lost—
  The metal treasure thrown away;
And I will buy each rood of soil
  In every yet discovered land;—
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
  Where many-peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth,
  In needful; nay, in brave attire;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
  Which kings might envy and admire.

In every vale, on every plain,
  A school shall glad the gazer's sight;
Where every poor man's child may gain
  Pure knowledg, free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor,
  By age or ailment made forlorn;
And none shall thrust them from the door,
  Or sting with looks and words of scorn.
I'll link each alien hemisphere;
  Help honest men to conquer wrong;
Art, Science, Labor, nerve and cheer;
  Reward the Poet for his song.

In every crowded town shall rise
  Halls Academic, amply graced;
Where ignorance may soon be wise,
  And coarseness learn both art and taste.
To every province shall belong
  Collegiate structures, and not few—
Fill'd with a truth-exploring throng,
  And teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
  A vast Walhalla hall shall stand;
A marble edifice sublime,
  For the illustrous of the land;
A Pantheon for the *truly* great,
  The wise, beneficent, and just;
A place of wide and lofty state
  To honor or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach
  Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
  Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will;
Music of bells on Sabbath days,
  Round the whole earth shall gladly rise;
And one great Christain song of praise
  Stream sweetly upward to the skies!

Death of Priessnitz.

For the last year Priessnitz had felt himself gradually sinking, and this winter, for the first time during a long period of practical life, he found himself obliged to limit his visits to the immediate vicinity of his residence at Grafenberg. Within a month before his demise, he showed symptoms of general dropsical complaint. He treated himself with the utmost clearness of mind, but entertained little hope of his eventful recovery. He said he should not live to see the spring return. Up to almost the very last day of his life, he continued to give his advice to those who sought him. Poor Priessnitz! his head was perfectly clear to the last, but he looked like a shadow, and without a smile any longer on his face.

He received every one who came to him, and gave his advice with an air of calm patience. The day before his death, after taking the "cure" (as the curative process is here called) he was seen sawing wood for exercise, in a warm room, and very warmly clad. Thus it is evident that the extraordinary will and the moral courage, upheld by faith in the hydropathic cure, which he had shown with regard to others all his life, was strong in him to the last. On the day of his death, Friday last, the 28th November, his symptoms became aggravated; he grew weaker and weaker, and about five in the afternoon he laid himself on his bed, without any assistance, and, in one minute afterward, he breathed his last. He was only 52. In early life he received serious injury in the chest from an accident and he used to say himself that his constitution was bad; that nothing but his own "cure" would have sustained him.

The whole place had been thrown into consternation as the news spread of his rapidly approaching death. The inhabitants of Freiwaldau thronged up to Grafenberg—all the sledges available were following each other, up the steep snow covered road, soon to descend again with the news that Priessnitz was no more. It can scarcely be conceived, the strange blank these words seemed to leave on the mind. Suddenly the center that held all together, had vanished—Freiwaldau seemed to have shrank again in a moment into the obscure and remote village it was before Preissnitz's name was heard of.

It is not known what attempts will be made to carry on the establishment at Grafenberg, which was in full activity at the moment of Preissnitz' death. The most probable conjecture is, that Priessnitz' eldest daughter and her husband (a Hungarian gentleman of property,) will carry it on, with the aid of some physician who has studied Priessnitz' method here. This may succeed to a certain extent, for the place and neighborhood are admirably adapted for taking the water-cure, and the *prestige* of Priessnitz' name, as well as the tradition of his practice, will long survive him; but the great attraction which brought patients, not only from the neighboring cities, but from the remotest parts of the world, is gone.

It is not exactly known what amount of property Priessnitz has left, but it is supposed to be nearly £100,000. When it is considered how small, compared to that given to other physicians, was the renumeration he took from his patients, and when it is remembered that, thirty years ago, Priessnitz was a poor peasant, this fortune gives some measure of the immense success that has attended him.

There are in the United States 120 Colleges proper; 43 Theological, 17 Law, and 37 Medical Schools. The number of volumes contained in the Libraries of the Colleges is estimated at 871,800. Of the Colleges 13 are under the direction of the Baptists, 8 under Episcopalians, 13 belong to the Methodists, and 11 to the Roman Catholic Church.

How Coal was Made.

Geology has proved, at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterward covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes of a dark color. When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to a great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is mineral coal, which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay, or other earthly impurities.

On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibres and cells very plainly.

From distant isolated specimens found in the sandstones amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era.—They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms, (horse tails, club mosses, and ferns,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters on tropical islands; but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate, and even the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth originally an encandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled down until in the Carboniferous period it fostered a growth of terrestial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. This high and uniform temperature, combined with a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, would not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create denser vapors, showers and rains; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise from this high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measure, points to such conditions.—*Chamber's Miscellany.*

Passing through an Iceburgh.

[Extract from a Journal kept by a seaman who served in the Arctic Expediton of 1850–51.]—*Sunday, June* 30, 1850,—Moored to an iceberg; weather calm; sky cloudless, and 'beautifully blue,' surrounded by a vast number of stupendous bergs, glittering and glistening beneath the refulgent rays of a mid-day sun.

A great portion of the crew had gone on shore to gather the eggs of the wild sea-birds that frequent the lonely icebound precipices of Baffin's Bay, while those on board, had retired to rest, wearied with the harrassing toils of the preceding day.

To me, walking the deck, and alone, all nature seemed hushed in universal repose. While thus contemplating the stillness of the monotonous scene around me, I observed in the offing, a large iceberg completely perforated, exhibiting in the distance an arch, or tunnel, apparently so uniform in its conformation, that I was induced to call two of the seamen to look at it, at the same time telling them that I had never read or heard of any of our arctic voyagers passing through one of those arches so frequently seen through large bergs, and that there would be a novelty in doing so, and if they chose to accompany me, I would get permission to take the dingy, (a small boat,) and endeavor to accomplish the unprecedented feat. They readily agreed, and away we went.

On nearing the arch, and ascertaining that there was a sufficiency of water for the boat to pass through, we rowed slowly and silently under, when there burst upon our view, one of the most magnificent specimens of nature's handiwork ever exhibited to mortal eye; the sublimity and grandeur of which no language can describe—no imagination conceive.

Fancy an immense arch of eighty feet span, fifty feet high, and upward of one hundred feet in breadth—as correct in its conformation as if it had been constructed by the most scientific artist, formed of solid ice of beautiful emerald green, its whole expanse of surface smoother than the most polished alabaster, and you may form some slight conception of the architectural beauties of this icy temple, the wonderful workmanship of time and the elements.

When we had got half way through the mighty structure, on looking upward, I observed that the berg was rent the whole breadth of the arch, and in a perpendicular direction to its summit, showing two vertical sections of irregular surfaces, 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' here and there illuminated by an arctic sun, which darted its golden rays between, presenting to the eye a picture of ethereal grandeur which no poet could describe, no painter portray. I was so enraptured with the sight that for a moment I fancied the 'blue vault of heaven' had opened, and that I actually gazed on the celestial splendor of a world beyond this. But, alas, in an instant the scene changed, and I awoke as it were from a delightful dream, to experience all the horrors of a terrible reality. I observed the fracture rapidly close, and then again slowly open.

This stupendous mass of ice, millions of tons in weight, was afloat, consequently in motion, and apparently about to lose its equilibrium, capsize, or burst into fragments. Our position was truly awful; my feelings at the moment may be conceived, but cannot be described. I looked downwards and around me; the sight was equally appalling, the very sea seemed agitated. I at last shut my eyes from a scene so terrible, the men at the oars, as if by instinct 'gave way,' and our little craft swiftly glided from beneath the gigantic mass.

We then rowed round the berg, keeping at a respectful distance from it, in order to judge of its magnitude. I supposed it to be about a mile in circumference, and its highest pinnacle two hundred and fifty feet.

Thus ended an excursion, the bare recollection of which, at this moment, awakens in me a shudder; nevertheless, I would not have lost the opportunity of beholding the scene so awfully sublime, so tragically grand, for any money; but I would not again run such a risk for the world.

We passed through the berg about two P. M., and at ten o'clock the same night, it burst, agitating the sea for miles around.

I may also observe, that the two men who were with me in the boat, did not observe that the berg was rent, until I told them, after we were out of danger, we having agreed previously to entering the arch, not to speak a word to each other, lest its echo should disturb the fragile mass.

N. B.—Arctic voyages differ as to what portion of an iceberg is above water.—Some say one fifth, some one seventh, some more. I refer the reader to the works of Ross and Parry, as the best authority.

DEAR DOCTOR BAILEY:—I have pleasure in offering you the following poem, by a friend, who is too much inclined to wrap his gift of song in a napkin, and lay it away on a shelf. I am confident that you will agree with me in thinking this a strong and stirring lyric.

Yours,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

Invocation.

Men of the North! amidst the graves
Of your great sires, kneel down like slaves,
To stronger chains and heavier yoke
Than those their rebel valor broke;
And where'er flashed their standard-sheet,
  And rang their shot and clanged their steel,
And Freedom's foes to earth were beat,
  There, too, in craven suppliance kneel!

Aye, kneel; for hark! from Southern skies,
Hear ye the impious mandate rise—
"Yield, Northern hinds, to slavery's sway;
The scourge for those who disobey!
Shall such as *ye* presume to stand
  When such as we command to bow?
Ye've Slavery's badge, the toilworn hand –
  Take, then, its brand upon your brow!"

And o'er each Northern hill and plain,
From Western wilds to Eastern main,
E'en where Niagara, wild and strong,
Lifts up all nature's freedom song,
Base Northern satraps help to swell
  The insulting mandate, till the call
Out-peals old Independence bell,
  And echoes from old Faneuil Hall.

Then where the sacred fires disclose
The graves wherein your sires repose,
And Freedom's vestals vigils keep
Where Hancock, Adams, Franklin, sleep;
And where undying fame surrounds
  With glory's ever fadeless sheen.
And shades with laurel-bowers the mounds
  Of Warren, Stark, Wayne, Putnam, Green;

And on each field whence heavenward rose
Their shout o'er Freedom's vanquished foes—
At Lexington, at Bennington,
Where Stony Point was stormed and won,
Around the base of Bunker's tower,
  On Princeton's, Saratoga's plain;
Submit ye to the Southron's power,
  Stoop to his yoke and clank his chain!

—*National Era.*

From the Pathfinder.

Christain Government.

It is sometimes claimed that we live under a Christain government, but it is beyond the power of our logic to reconcile with the precepts—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink,"—"Overcome evil with good," &c.,—the policy pursued towards the Indians of our western frontier, as exhibited in the late Report of the Secretary of War. Speaking of the expedition of Col. Sumner to the Indian territory, he says:—

"The result of this expedition is not yet known; but if he should accomplish no more than to establish a military post among them, and *retaliate upon them, by capturing their herds and destroying their fields*, the expedition will not have been fruitless."

"Experience has shown that the most effectual way to protect our settlements is to overawe the Indians by a constant display of military force in their immediate neighborhood."

The propriety of the above criticism will be the more evident in the light of another paragraph from the same Report:

"There is no doubt that the Indians are frequently impelled to commit depredations by depair and hunger. As the white population has advanced upon them, they have been compelled to recede before it. The lands that afford nourishment to cattle and game are also those best adapted to cultivation, and consequently the first to tempt the settler; so that the Indians are compelled to take refuge in arid plains and mountains that afford little sustenance to animal life; and even there the circle of white population seems rapidly closing around them."

Could anything be more diabolical than "retaliating" upon these wronged and desparing wretches, "by capturing their herds and destroying their fields?" Yet such is the picture the Government has itself presented, of its own acts. This does not of course reflect especially on the present administration, as we are not aware that its policy in this respect has differed from that of preceding ones.

It is but just to add, however, that the Hon. Secretary, with, to say the least, a doubtful consistency, and in spite of the lessons of "experience," ventures to suggest that

"Policy and humanity both requires that we should employ some other means of putting a stop to these depredations than the terror of our arms. We should try the effect of conciliatory measures."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1852.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The leading literary weekly of the Union.

THE proprietors of the POST think it unnecessary to dwell upon the distinguishing features of their well-known weekly, whose brilliant success during an existence of *Thirty Years* is a sure guarantee for the future. We have the pleasure of announcing our continued connection with that distinguished authoress,

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," etc. During the coming year, we have already made arrangements for the following novelets:—

Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale: By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Author of "Linda," "Rena," etc.

Viola; or, Adventures in the far Southwest: A Companion to "Prairie Flower." By Emerson Bennett, author of "Prairie Flower," "The Bandits of the Osage," etc.

Trial and Triumph: by T. S. Arthur, author of "The Iron Hand," "Temperance Tales," etc. And last, but not least,

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A tale of Expiation and Redemption: By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," etc. etc.

A MORAL PAPER.

In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. A careful guard shall also be kept, as heretofore, over our Advertising Columns, that nothing of an improper character may obtain admittance.

The POST also will contain every week Selected Articles of the choicest description, one or more Engravings, Humorous Articles, the Most Interesting News, Local News, Bank Note List, State of the Market, the Stock Market, etc., etc.

TERMS.

The terms of the Post are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

Four Copies, $5,00—Eight copies, (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10,00—Thirteen copies, (and one to Agent, the getter up of the Club.) $15,00—Twenty copies, (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.) $20,00 per annum.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid,*

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P. S. A copy of the Post will be sent gratis, as a specimen, to any one requesting it.

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We respectfully invite all Cash Purchasers thoroughly to examine our Stock and Prices, and as interest governs, we feel confident our Goods and Prices will induce them to select from our establishment. Particular attention is devoted to MILLINERY GOODS and many of the articles are manufactured expressly to our order, and cannot be surpassed in beauty, style and cheapness.

Beautiful Paris Ribbons, for Hat, Cap, Neck, and Belt.
Satin and Taffetta Ribbons, of all widths and colors.
Silks, Satins, Velvets, and Uncut Velvets, for Hats.
Feathers, American and French Artifical Flowers.
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July, 1851.

JOHN C. WHINERY,

SURGEON DENTIST!!—*Office over the Book Store.*—All operations in *Dentistry* performed in the best manner, and all work warranted elegant and durable. *Charges reasonable*
Salem, Sept. 8th, 1849.

Anti-Slavery Songs!

WE have about 1500 copies of our selection of Anti-Slavery Songs on hand, which we will sell Wholesale and Retail; orders from a distance shall be promptly attended to.
Aug. 10, 1850.] I. TRESCOTT, & Co.

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Prose and Poetical Works. Sold wholesale & Retail, by I. TRESCOTT & CO.

NEW BOOKS,

AT THE SALEM BOOK STORE.

Five Doors East of the Town Hall.

The subscriber has just received, and has constantly on hand, a large assortment of Medical, Classical, Scientific, Miscellaneous and School Books. Blank Books, Memorandum Books, Anatomical and Physiological Charts, Pelton's Outline Maps and Keys, Bankers Cases, Stationary and PAPER HANGINGS.

J. McMILLAN,
Successor to Barnaby & Whinery.

Dental Surgery.

J. W. WALKER, would announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all work in the above profession, that may be intrusted to him.
New Lyme, Aug. 17th, 1850.

WM. J. BRIGHT,

Attorney at Law, Hartford, Trumbull Co., O. Prompt attention will be given to collections in Trumbull and adjoining counties.
Nov. 23, '50.

SALEM INSTITUTE.

THE next term of this Institution will commence October 27th, 1851, and continue 19 weeks. Tuition per quarter, 11 weeks, from $3,00 to $5,00; with moderate extra charges for the French, German and Italian Languages, Painting and Drawing.

A full course of lessons in Penmanship will be given during the term by Mr. J. W. Lusk, Also, a series of Lectures on Anatomy and Physiology by Dr. R. H. Mack, of which pupils may have the advantage on very moderate terms.

Board can be had in private families at $1,25 per week.

For further information address
WM. McCLAIN, *Principal.*
Salem, Col. Co., O., Oct. 11, 1851.

Salem Steam Engine Shop & Foundry

THE undersigned continue to carry on the business of manufacturing Steam Engines and all kinds of Mill Gearing at Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio. As we are prepared to build engines of all sizes, from four to one hundred horse power, and are willing to warrant them to do as much or more work in proportion to the fuel consumed than the best now in use, we would request those who wish to obtain Engines for any purpose to call before contracting elsewhere.

REFERENCES,

J. P. Story, Waukesha, Waukesha, Co., Wis.
James Herrick, Twinsburg, Summit, Co., Ohio.
Mr. Tapporn, Ravenna, Portage County, Ohio.
Stow & Taff, Braceville, Trumbull County, O.
Moor & Johnson, McConellsville, Morgan Co., O.
Wm. Hambleton, Pennsville, Morgan Co., O.
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THO'S SHARP & BROTHERS.
Salem, May 30, 1851.

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August 10, 1850.

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Those at a distance can have the Maps or Books forwarded to them by applying by letter to the subscriber at Damascoville Col. Co., O., or to Barnaby & Whinery, Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio. ENOCH WOOLMAN

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Malboro Union School.

THE BOARD of Education for this INSTITUTION the happy to announce to the public that they have secured the service of

ALFRED HOLBROOK, *as Principal;*

whose acquirements and almost unexampled devotion to the cause of Education have given him a celebrity which renders it useless to say more than announce his name in this connection. The very able ASSISTANTS who will take charge of the Primary and Secondary *Departments*, will render the School one which we are proud to present for public patronage. Our building is new, with commodious and convenient apartments for study and recitation. The Institution is furnished with a good set of *Philosophical* and *Chemical Apparatus.* The course of instruction shall be such as to induce an application of the sciences acquired, to the practical duties of life.

Tuition Per Quarter of Eleven Weeks.

Elementary English Branches,	$2 50
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Lessons in VOCAL MUSIC and on the PIANO can be had at a reasonable charge. Board can be had in respectable Families in the Village and vicinity at $1,00 to $1,25 per week. Persons wishing to board themselves can be accommodated with Rooms. *Books and Stationary can be had in Marlboro.* Any other information in reference to the School, Board, Rooms, &c., can be had by addressing either of the subscribers. ☞ *The Term will commence on Monday the 17th of November, and continue 18 weeks.*

Lewis Morgan, James L. Lynde,
Amos Walton, Henry Cock.
Martin Anderson A. G. Wileman.
Board of Education.

Marlboro, Nov. 1 1851.

More About Quitting.

Mr. Editor: We have taken up the pen some ten or a dozen times lately, to write an Advertisement, and as often have we committed the scroll to the fire, under this impression, to wit: That the whole truth was not revealed according to our design.

We have now abandoned the idea of writing anything, but are going to stick to the "*Diggings*" awhile yet, with the feeling that the patrons of our old ship will stay with us, as we are determined to please. Our New Engine enables us to do work twice as fast as formerly; consequently we can do off Grists of 10 and 20 bushels while the horses bait, and have lots of room for new customers.

☞Steam Mill, one-fourth of a mile West Salem. E. K. SMITH
August30th, 1851